Presented
by Elder N. A. Swift
to
Mrs. A. S. Bennett

30 Augt. 1862.

Glory to God
in the highest.
Angels, &
Man.

Presented
by her Aunt,
Mrs. M. L. Rousby,
To
Mrs. S. N. Nutcham,
her well beloved Niece,
Nash County, N.C.
23 July, 1874.
God bless our
Dear Susan

COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON FLOWERS
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A SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN TWO PARTS,

PART I. CONTAINING THE SONGS,
PART II. CONTAINING THE HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS.

BY JOHN PURIFY,
PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, AT THE CROSS ROADS MEETING HOUSE, WAKE COUNTY, N. C.

"My inquiry has not been, whose songs and hymns I shall choose; but what songs and hymns; and hence it will be seen that Christians, of all denominations, may sing side by side, and very often join in the same triumph, using the same words; and, when Christ has been the subject of the song, we may say,

"*Let Europe and Asia resound*
With Africa, His fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim."

RALEIGH:
Printed by J. Gales & Son.
1811.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

PREFACE.

THE Compiler of the following Songs and Hymns has been induced to have a second edition of his Songs and Hymns published, for several reasons, viz.—First, because of the many applications made to him, and to the book-sellers in the City of Raleigh, for them. Secondly, because of the deficiency the author has discovered among the congregations he has had the honor to attend for several years in Wake County, and at the Associations in this State, of the brethren and friends not having song-books alike; and therefore, often perplexed and confused while singing, which makes it painful to the hearers, and unedifying to themselves. Thirdly, because he has reason to believe that many of the Songs in this selection have been blessed to the comforting of mourning souls, in the former and latter revivals of Religion, and have edified the hearts of many christians. Fourthly, because he is desirous to promote and encourage the singing of Spiritual Songs, more and more, among his brethren and sisters in this State; and therefore, he has carefully revised and corrected his first edition of Songs and Hymns, and has concluded to have nearly all the same Songs and Hymns put in this second edition that were in the first, with the addition of a few choice ones that were not in the first, that they may

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agree with the Songs and Hymns in the first edition; that those who are in possession of the first, may sing in accordance with those who may obtain the second edition.

The author informs his friends, that those who may become the purchasers of this edition, will find themselves in possession of about two hundred and twenty-four choice Songs, adapted to the Church of Christ, in all her various situations, while passing through this world; and about sixty-four choice Hymns, adapted to public and private worship; and, also, a short form of matrimony, for the accommodation of Ministers and Magistrates. The reason why he has not put in more Hymns is, because he thinks that Watts's Psalms and Hymns are sufficient, without adding to, or diminishing from them; and has, from the first, designed that his book should be principally a selection of Songs.

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A KEY.

1. The number of the page always agrees with the number of the Song or Hymn.

2. In every case where the author's name is known, it is given.

3. The Songs are mostly arranged alphabetically

4. The number of lines in nearly every Song is numbered thus :—For six lines, 6l. for eight lines, 8l.—and nearly all the syllables in each line of the Songs are numbered thus :—7, 6s. as in the first Song.

PART I,

CONTAINING

THE SONGS.

1. *Invitation to Christ.* 8l.7, 6 s.

1. ATTEND the invitation,
   Hark! how the trumpet sounds;
It is the Lord of Glory
   That sends the gospel round;
Come and accept its blessings,
   Before it is too late,
Now Jesus Christ is calling,
   Before he shuts his gate.

2. Come, let us go together,
   United in a band;
Sweet Jesus is inviting,
   With bounties in his hand;
The trumpet's sweetly blowing—
   It sounds for volunteers:
Come, be a faithful soldier,
   And wipe away your tears.

3. Now let us all remember
   How Jacob's sons were fed,

When from the land of Pharoah
By Moses they were led.
The pillar went before them,
And Moses with his rod—
No doubt but we shall win the day,
If we but trust in God.

4. Our enemies around us,
On every side they stand:
Then let us go together,
With weapons in our hand;
Let us begin the battle,
Like David, with a sling;
March on with courage, stout and bold,
And fight for Christ, our king.

5. Come, who will list with Jesus,
A soldier for to make;
And, like a faithful subject,
His yoke upon him take.
He's food and raiment plenty,
And bounty to bestow,
And all things are provided—
Come, sinners, with us go.

6. Your armor is provided—
A helmet, sword and shield:
With these equipt, each soldier
Shall surely keep the field.
Your captain fought and conquered:
O! trust in him alone,

And you shall gain the victory,
And wear the victor's crown.

7. Once more we would invite you,
Dear sinners, to enlist:
The bounty's grace and glory;
Our captain's Jesus Christ;
The conquest is insured;
Thro' faith in Jesus' blood
Each soldier's life secured—
Its hid with Christ in God.

2. *Coronation.* C. M.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forgot
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
Who're freed from sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Let every kindred every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7. O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
To join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. *Time Concluded.* 8l. 8, 6 s.

1. ARISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conquering king is near,
To take his exile home;
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the world,
To set poor captives free;
The day of wonder now is come—
The year of jubilee.

2. Ye heralds blow the trumpet loud
Throughout the earth and sky;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh.

Enthron'd on clouds the Judge descends,
  Inviting saints to come,
And angels whisper them away
  To their eternal home.

3. Arise ye nations from your tombs,
  Before your Judge appear:
All tongues and languages must come
  Their final doom to hear:
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
  Consume the rolling flood;
Let nature groan in pangs of death,
  The moon be turned to blood.

4. The blessed news of gospel grace
  To sinners now is o'er;
The trump of Zion now is still,
  And to be heard no more;
The watchmen all have left their posts,
  And with their flocks above,
They join with all the heavenly hosts,
  To sing redeeming love.

5. Behold a Pilgrim as he dies,
  With glory in his view;
To Heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
  And bids the world adieu:
While friends are weeping at his death,
  And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his exhausted breath,
  And leaves them all below.

6. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
I hope to meet you there;
Although you tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear;
Fight on, fight on, ye conquering souls,
The crown is now in view;
I soon shall gain fair Canaan's shores,
And hope to meet with you.

4. *The Effort.* C. M.

1. APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Jesus died.

5. O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6. "Poor tempest tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

5. *Salvation by mighty grace.* C. M.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
And I'll sing hallelujah!
And you'll sing hallelujah!
And we'll all sing hallelujah!
When we arrive at home!

2. 'Twas grace that taught my soul to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;

He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6. The world shall soon to ruin go,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who call'd me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

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6. *Christian Warfare.* P. M. 6 l. 12 s.

1. AT a distance from Heaven, in a world of contention,
To cultivate peace was our wish and intention;
But, tho' by her olive we wish to be shaded,
We'll war for our God when his rights are invaded.
Arise believers, arise believers,
And oppose hell and sin, for your rights are invaded.

2. O Zion, by peace is thy interest promoted,
To love peace and truth may thy sons be devoted;
If Satan and sin should presume your suppression,
Arise and repel every hostile aggression.

Arise believers, arise believers,
And boldly proclaim, unto sinners, salvation.

3. Reluctant to fight in the cause of our Saviour,
Too long we have borne with his foes' rough behaviour;
His rights and our freedom, they would have prostrated,
Our brethren enslaved, and our peace violated.
Rejoice believers, rejoice believers,
The standard of Jesus your cause still protected.

4. Let peace be the cry of the heirs of salvation
May peace and good will be proclaimed to the nation:
Let's love all mankind, and adore our Jesus,
And prove to the world that from sin he has free'd us.
Arise believers, arise believers,
And press to the world which from sorrow shall free us.

5. The smiles of our Jesus our souls shall enliven,
And bring us all safe, thro' our conflicts, to heaven;
Inspire new joy and the kindling reflection,
His banner's unfurl'd for the church's protection.
Arise believers, arise believers,
Resort to his banner, and there find protection.

6. A few conflicts more and the war will be ended,
And you, with your captain, to glory ascended;
There join the bright armies and shout forth his praises,
And make heaven ring with the fame of your Jesus.
Arise believers, arise believers,
Proclaim to the world the high praises of Jesus

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7. The Prodigal's Resolution. C. M. 8 l.

1. AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stop'd the Prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.
Altho' he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.

2. What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
I'll go and tell him what I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

3. The father saw him coming back,
And look'd, and ran, and smil'd,

And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child ;—
Father I've sinn'd, but O forgive!
Enough! the father said,
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead!

4. Says faith, look yonder, see the crown,
Laid up in heaven above ;
Says hope, ere long it shall be mine;
I long to wear it, says love ;
Desire says what! is there my crown?
Then to that place I'll flee,
I cannot bear a longer stay ;
My rest I fain would see.

5. But stay, says patience, wait awhile,
The crown's for those that fight ;
The prize for such that run the race,
By faith, and not by sight;
Thus faith doth take a pleasing view ;
Hope waits, love soars and sings ;
Desire she flutters to be gone,
But patience clips her wings.

8. *Bright scenes of Glory, &c.* 8 l. 8, 7 s.

1. BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture ;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I dive in pleasures deep and full,

In swelling waves of glory,
And feel my saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

2. I feast on honey milk and wine;
I drink perpetual sweetness;
Mount Zion's glories through me shine,
While Christ unfolds his greatness:
No mortal tongue can shew my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.

3. My captivated spirits fly
Thro' shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,
In praises loud and mighty:
And here I'll sing and swell the strains,
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints, in Christ united.

4. The bliss that rolls thro' those above—
Thro' those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated;
Darts thro' my soul with radiant beams,
Constraining loudest praises;
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me blazes.

5. When earth and seas shall be no more,
And all their glories perish:
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars, at midnight, languish,
My joys refin'd, shall brighter shine,
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell, thro' one eternal day,
Love's all-immortal story.

9. *The praise of Jesus in Heaven.* 8 l. 7, 6 s.

1. BURST ye em'rald gates and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Burst ye intervening skies!
Son of righteousnes arise,
Open the gates of Paradise!

2. Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angels' trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3. Four and twenty Elders rise,
From their princely station,

Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us—
Join we to their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sounds in Seraph songs;
Sweetest note on mortal tongues;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, roll along.

10. *The Gospel Pool.* S. M.

1. BESIDE the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3. But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4. How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

5. But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

6. Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

7. No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
The soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

11. *Paul at the bar of Felix.* 4 l. 10 s.

1. Behold Paul, the pris'ner, at Felix's bar!
And from his examples learn never to fear;
No doubt all assembled expected to see
The prisoner stand trembling to hear the decree.

2. The scene is quite changed, how strange to behold,
The judge seiz'd with trembling, the pris'ner is bold!

'Twas no carnal reas'ning, nor majestic sound,
But God, thro' the Gospel, his conscience did wound.

3. As Paul spake of Jesus, of faith in his name,
Of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come,
That word which discerns e'en the thoughts of the heart,
Addressed his conscience, and pierced like a dart.

4. But Felix lov'd darkness, and hated the light,
His thoughts were all evil, the works of the night;
The culprit was anxious to flee from his pain,
He said, when convenient I'll hear the again.

5. We've not been informed that the time ever came,
For Felix the knowledge of Jesus to gain.
To-day, says the Saviour, attend to my voice,
Accept of salvation, make heaven your choice.

6. O sinners, dear sinners, in ruin's wide field,
The gospel of Jesus invites you to yield.
Be sure that repentance or death will prevail;
To-day is the season—to-morrow may fail.

7. O, why will you tarry till conscience is sear'd?
Or, why by the devil be further ensnar'd?

To-day be entreated to turn from your sin?
Wait not till to-morrow before you begin.

. Of all hell's devices, poor souls to decoy,
'Tis procrastination the most doth destroy.
While Jesus invites you a crown to obtain,
Don't say, I to-morrow will hear thee again.

. Dear sinners, don't linger, obey the glad voice,
In Jesus believe, and in Jesus rejoice;
Choose him for your portion, resign all below,
Unite with his people—to glory you'll go.

2. *Minister and oppressed Christian.* 8 l. 7, 6

. *M.* Come, my friends, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason:
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known
Speaking may relieve thee.

. *C.* O! I mourn beneath the load
Of my nature's evil;
Full of enmity to God,
Captur'd by the devil;
Restless as the troubled seas,
Feeble, faint and fearful;
Plagu'd with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3. *M.* Think on what thy Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood through every pore,
To procure thy pardon;
View him stretch'd upon the tree,
All thy load sustaining;
See! he suffers thus for thee;
Therefore cease complaining.

4. *C.* This, by faith, I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me;
But my sins return anew,
Then again they grieve me.
Faith, when void of works, is dead;
This the scriptures witness;
I have no good works to plead,
But am all unfitness.

5. *M.* Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower;
Look to Jesus, kind and strong,
Mercy joined with power;
He that conquered on the cross,
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

6. Think how loud thy bleeding Lord
Cried out "It is finished!"
Treasure up the sacred word,
Whole and undiminished.

Doubt not, he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun;
Banish thy dejection.

7. *C.* Jesus, purge my crimes away,
Enter thou my bosom;
Take possession, Lord, to-day,
Claim me for thy portion.
Now I yield myself to thee;
Now I feel thy favor.
Come, my friends, and join with me,
Help me praise the Saviour.

9. Brothers, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name;
Let us never grieve him,
Soon we'll meet to feast above—
Soon we'll be in heaven:
There to swim in seas of love,
And forever praise him.

10. Let us all together join,
Triumph in Salvation;
Glory give to Love Divine—
Worship—adoration!
Heav'n already is begun,
Opened in each believer.
Only believe, and then sing on
Heaven is ours forever.

13. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

1. COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:—

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

6. There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

14. *Encouragement to Mourners.* 8 l. 8 s.

1. COME all who are bound unto heaven;
Your voices together unite,
In praising the Lord the Redeemer,
Who fills us with love and delight.
The theme is so charming, melodious,
'Twill help us devoutly to move,
While Jesus' name, like sweet odours,
Attracts all our powers above.

2. When first he beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain;

My soul he renew'd by his power,
And brought me to trust in his name.
How sweet were the accents of pardon!
How quickly my guilt did remove!
When first I beheld the sweet wonder
That God such a sinner did love!

3. O'erpower'd with mingled emotion,
"A sinner, O Lord," I exclaim'd
"Was ever a wretch so unworthy,
"So utterly guilty reclaim'd!"
From gratitude, tears in libation,
Like torrents, abundantly flow'd.
"Thy sins," said the Lord, "are forgiven:"
I felt to rely on his word.

4. And now I am pressing to Canaan,
But Jordan is rolling before,
And sometimes I haltingly tremble
Its billows how loudly they roar
Would Jesus divide the deep water,
Or cause its high raging to cease,
Or, bear me up as he did Peter,
I'd walk thro' its valley in peace.

5. His rod and his staff shall support me,
His pastoral voice I shall hear;
Then why should bold Jordan affright me?
He's promis'd to be with me there:
On Seraphic wings he will bear me,
To join happy spirits above,

Where every fear and temptation,
Shall yield to the ocean of love.

How charming the anticipation,
With Jesus forever to rest;
To join with the songsters in glory,
And sing it was all for the best!
Poor sinners it grieves me to leave you,
I once more invite you to go,
O, hasten to Jesus, the Saviour,
Who died to redeem you from woe.

. Dear mourners continue to seek him,
Tho' long you have lain at the pool,
Perhaps he will ask you the question,
"Poor sinner wilt thou be made whole?"
The woman, the Syrophenecian,
Who came unto Jesus the Lord,
Bewailing her wretched condition,
At length was consol'd by his word.

3. O look unto Jesus the Saviour,
And hope in his mercy alone;
For sinners he sweat in the garden,
For sinners he lay in the tomb.
Behold him on Calvary bleeding,
Arise! he invites you to come;
Believe, and sing on towards heaven,
Believe, and the heaven's your home.

15. *Encouragement to those that love the Lord.* L. M. 8 l.
One verse transposed.

1. COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.
Behold the righteous marching home!
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ, the Judge, with joy proclaims,
"Here comes my saints, I own their names."

2. Great tribulation you may meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Jesus will save his heart's delight.
Behold the righteous, &c.

3. The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet we shall hear
Sound thro' the earth, and down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
Behold the righteous, &c.

4. "Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
"Make room for to receive my bride,
"Ye harps of heaven sound aloud,
"Here comes the purchase of my blood."
Behold the righteous, &c.

5 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine!

See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.
Behold the righteous, &c.

3. They stand with wonder, and look on;
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures sets their souls on fire!
Behold the righteous, &c.

16. *Praising God for experience of Grace.* 11 s.

1. COME all you, whoever have mercy obtain'd,
The hope of salvation and pardon regain'd,
Come join in an anthem, let praises resound,
And tell all around us what treasures we've found.

2. When sin like a mountain enormously great,
My soul fill'd with horror to view her lost state,
On the brink of destruction bewailing my case,
And almost despairing the favors of grace.

3. Was crying for mercy, all prostrate in dust,
If damn'd, I must own that the sentence is just;
A voice bid me hearken, my sorrows to cease,
"Thy sins are forgiven, arise, go in peace."

4. Like a captive deliver'd from bondage & pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had lain;

The woods and the vallies, with praises did ring,
All glory to Jesus, my Saviour and King.

5. Adieu to this world and its foolish delights;
No longer your pleasures my passion invites;
I'll follow my Jesus who freedom doth give,
I'm bound for to praise him as long as I live.

6. When time rolls around and eternity's near,
And Gabriel's loud voice like a trump we shall hear,
The saints and angels all joining will sing,
While loud hallelujahs will make heaven ring.

17. *God the Fountain of all Good.* 8 l. 8 7 s.

1. COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
And we'll pass over Jordan,
Come go along with me;
And we'll pass over Jordan,
And sound the Jubilee.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I've come;

And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O take and seal it
Seal it for thy courts above.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

O. that day, when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face,
Richly cloth'd in blood-wash'd linen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away;
Send thy angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.
And we'll pass over Jordan, &c.

5. If thou ever didst discover,
To my faith, the promis'd land,

Bid my soul the stream pass over,
On the heavenly border stand;
Speak, as thou didst once to Moses,
When most proper I should die,
Then remove whate'er opposes,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

18. *Take up the Cross and follow Jesus.* 6 l. 11 s.

1. COME soldiers of Jesus attend to his way,
For soldiers should always their leader obey;
Tho' flesh should be backward and duty seem hard,
Be bold, and courageous, to follow your Lord;
The way he has shewn you, will prove to be best;
He'll lead you to conquest, & bring you to rest.

2. Behold him descending a Priest to atone;
Then view him arising, and claiming his throne;
He sends forth his Spirit & conquers by love;
Thro' conflicts, to conquest he'll lead you above,
Then let us rejoice in his name here below,
Believing, enlisting and following too.

3. When he was about his disciples to leave,
A lasting commission unto them he gave:
"Go teach all the nations, and those that believe,
"Obedient should prove and baptism receive;

Observe my commandments, and come after me;
"And I will protect and be with you alway."

. Apostles attended to what he had done;
They preach'd and baptised the way he had shewn;
They publish'd the gospel, and when 'twas received,
They buried in baptism all that believ'd.
Has Jesus the Saviour done great things for you?
Then take up your crosses and follow him too.

5. O Christians, your Jesus will shortly appear,
To meet all his soldiers who love him sincere;
Then let us be marching to meet him my friends,
Behold, into Jordan the Saviour descends!
And as he arose from the watery tomb,
The Father approv'd of what Jesus had done!

6. If friends should oppose you and try to retard,
Be steadfastly looking to Jesus your Lord;
If troubles and trials and crosses you bear,
The more you'll attend to the duty of prayer;
And when you this world of all sorrow shall leave,
Your Jesus you follow your souls will receive.

19. *The Resolve.* C. M.

1. COME humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2. I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
Has like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4. I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5. Perhaps he will admit my plea;
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7. But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried
This were to die—delightful thought!
As sinners never died.

20. *Redemption.* 6 l. 11 s.

1. COME friends and relations let's join heart and hand,
The sound of redemption is heard in our land;
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where Redemption is found;
The place is in Jesus, to him let us go,
And there find Redemption from sorrow and woe.

2. Do you say this Redemption from you is conceal'd?
Examine the scriptures you'll find it's reveal'd:
But still I would have you to look to the Lord,
In prayer, that his Spirit may open the word;
By nature you're blinded, in prison and pain;
O, how shall such rebels Redemption obtain!

3. But if you feel wounded and bruis'd by the fall,
Then come unto Jesus, for such he doth call;
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
Remember the Saviour doth plainly declare,
"The lost and the wounded I seek, and relieve,
And grant full redemption to all that believe."

4. My brethren & sisters, the call'd of the Lord,
Who have receiv'd pardon thro' Jesus' blood;
You'll soon see commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise;
"But when all these tokens begin to appear,
Then hold up your heads, your Redemption is near."

5. Soon, soon the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
To rouse all the nations who sleep under ground;
At the voice of the trumpet your bodies will rise,
To meet your Redemption with joy and surprise;
To witness the fullness of Jesus' love,
And sing of Redemption in heaven above.

6. Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth;
Redeem'd from destruction, redeemed from all woe,
Let's sing of redemption together below;
And when we ascend to the Lord in the skies,
Redemption! redemption! we'll shout as we rise.

1. *To be sung at rising from the Lord's Supper.* C. M.

COME let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell;
Then rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphant feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,

When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

7. When hell, and all its frightful powers,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

8. But while I bled and groan'd, and died,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.

9. Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh and blood;
And live eternal ages bless'd,
For 'tis eternal food.

10. Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts to thee,
And be for ever thine.

11. We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

22. *The hope of Heaven animates us while here.* 8 l. 8, 7

1. DARK and thorny is the desert,
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrow,

Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest, fight with courage,
Never faint, but often pray.

He whose thunder shakes creation;
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you,
Trust in him, and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises;
Glory! glory! is their strain.

But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the Chrystal arches ring;
And a song is heard is Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransom'd souls that dwell on high,
Who, with golden harps, forever
Sound Redemption through the sky:

5. See the heavenly host in rapture,
  Gazing on this shining band!
Wondering at their costly garments,
  And the laurel's in their hands!
There, upon the golden pavements,
  See the ransom'd march along;
While the splendid courts of glory
  Sweetly echo with their song.

6. Here I see the under shepherds,
  And their flocks they fed below;
Here I see them dwell together;
  Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail, ye happy! happy! spirits,
  Welcome to the blissful plain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
  Reign, sweet Shepherd! ever reign!

23. *Forsaking all for Christ.* 81.7, 6 s.

1. DISTRESS'D and burden'd sinners,
  Seek rest in Jesus' love,
O let your whole affections
  Be plac'd on things above:
Your hearts submit to Jesus,
  And with us journey on;
We'll soon ascend to glory,
  Where we no more shall mourn.

2. We know that Satan rages,
  Temptations too abound;
And sometimes persecutions

Beset the saints around;
Pretended friends forsake us,
And count us out as mean,
But Jesus will protect us,
When worlds are set on flame.

To all created comforts,
We freely bid farewell;
By faith we view the mansion
Where shortly we shall dwell.
Sweet Jesus he invites us,
And holds us out a crown;
To guard, protect and guide us,
The angels wait around.

A few more days of sorrow,
And Jesus Christ will come,
With angel bands attending,
To take his people home.
Farewell to sinful pleasures,
The world we'll leave behind,
And rise to richer mansions,
And pleasures more refin'd.

Adieu to old companions,
O! do not on us frown;
On all your sinful courses
With pity we look down.
Fain would we take you with us
But if you'll not comply,
To Jesus we'll commend you,
And to his bosom fly.

6. Could we but hope to meet you,
When we arrive at home;
'Twould heighten our enjoyment,
While we are trav'ling on.
It grieves us much to leave you,
Expos'd to endless pain;
Commit your souls to Jesus,
And heav'n you'll surely gain.

7. O! do not be offended,
But look to Calvary,
And see the blessed Jesus,
Expiring on the tree.
Such love! such boundless mercy
For us he doth display,
O! brother, sister, sinner,
How can you turn away?

24. *Baptism.* C. M.

1. DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
O! glory hallelujah! praise ye my God,
O! glory hallelujah! love and serve the Lor

2. Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

1. Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's rolling flood ?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God ?

2. Forbid it Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4. Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man ?
Behold thy heavenly captain here,
Before thee in the van.

5. O how my soul would up and run
At that transporting word !
Nor any painful suffering shun,
To follow Christ my Lord.

6. To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I will not repine.

7. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,

In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

25. *Washing the Saints feet.* C. M.

1. DID Christ the great example lead
For all his humble train,
In washing his disciples' feet,
And wiping them again?
O! glory hallelujah! praise ye my God,
O! glory hallelujah! love and serve the Lord.

2. And did my Lord and Master say,
"If I have wash'd your feet,
"Ye also, ought to watch and pray,
"And wash each other's feet?"

3. O blessed Jesus, at thy board,
I have thy children met;
The bread I've broke, the wine I've pour'd,
And now would wash their feet.

4. In imitation of my Lord,
Who blood for me did sweat;
I yield unto his sacred word,
And wash his children's feet.

5. Yes, blessed Jesus! I like thee
Would christians often meet;
The least of all the flock would be,
And wash the pilgrim's feet.

6. "For this let men reproach—defame
"And call me what they will;

"I still would follow Christ the Lamb,
"And be his servant still."

26. *Parting of Christian Friends.* 11 s.

1. FAREWELL, my dear brerthren, the time is at hand
When we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagemonts now call us away;
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while;
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile:
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.

3. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged;
The war will be ended your treasures enlarged;
With shouting and singing though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4. Farewell, younger brethren, who've listed for war;
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you—he'll lead you to peace.

5. The world and the devil and flesh will unite,
And bold persecution your souls to affright ;
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they :
Then be animated to march on your way.

6. Farewell, trembling mourner, with sorrowful heart,
O! hasten to Jesus and choose the good part :
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save ;
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn :
How dreadful your station, if still unconcern'd,
The gospel invites you a crown to receive ;
Then bow unto Jesus, repent and believe.

8. Farewell, faithful christians, farewell all around ;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound.
To meet you in glory I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure, social band.

27. *Missionary Song.* 11 s.

1. FROM realms where the day its first dawning extends,
The sun of the gospel, in glory, ascends :
Ye forests attend, while your children combine,
In accents unusual, in transports divine.

2. Involv'd in uncertainty, darkness and death,
The clouds of destruction hung over our path;
Till yond rising splendour illumin'd our way,
And pointed our steps to the regions of day.

3. A council on high has been held to inquire
For help for mankind, and peace kindled the fire;
Provision was made for the nations distress'd,
And with the rich treasure all lands shall be bless'd.

4. The chain of salvation let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brighten'd by love;
The safety of hope, and the channel of grace,
Binds heaven and earth in its mighty embrace.

5. On high see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banners of mercy compassionate bend;
Entreating the wretched, rebellious and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.

6. The Prince of salvation is coming—prepare—
Away in the desert his blessings to share:
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And bid the dark wilderness bloom like the rose.

7. His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compel all the tumults of nature to rest;

The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

8. The brute heated temper of man shall grow tame,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the lamb;
The bear with the kine shall contentedly feed,
And children their young ones, in harmony, lead.

9. No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd;
The tomahawk buried shall rest in the ground;
And peace and good will to the nations abound.

10. All spirit of war to the gospel shall bow,
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the plough;
To prune the young orchard the spear shall be bent,
And love greet the world with a smile of content.

11. Hail! scene of felicity, transport and joy,
When sin and temptation shall scarcely annoy;
Rich blessings of grace, from above, shall be given,
And life only serve as a passage to heaven.

12. Roll forward, dear Saviour! roll forward the day,
When all shall submit and rejoice in thy sway;

When white, red and black men, united in
praise,
One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise!

28. *Christians Meeting.* 8 l. 7, 6 s.

1. GOOD morning brother pilgrim,
What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March on toward Jerusalem,
And join the heavenly host.
Pray wherefore are you smiling,
While tears run down your face?
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that happy place.

2. To Salem I am hastening,
To join the heavenly throng
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrim's song!
There Jesus Christ is pleading,
By faith I have this view:
I'll smile, and weep and praise him,
And on my way pursue.

3. If sinners should despise me,
And treat me with disdain;
My former comrades slight me,
Or cast me off as mean;
Or, if I'm tempted sorely,
While marching on this way,
My Jesus will defend me
In the distressing day.

4. The frown of old companions,
We're willing to sustain;
Their case, we know, is awful;
They're bound to endless pain!
But Christ, our lovely Saviour,
Our comforter, and friend,
Preserves us in all danger,
And will our cause defend.

5. Shall we not pray for sinners,
While Jesus fills our souls;
While he doth speak within us,
And love's sweet current rolls?
We'll praise with ev'ry power,
And sing, and shout aloud,
Until that happy hour,
When we ascend to God.

6. With streams of consolation
We're fill'd, as with new wine;
We'll die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine:
We'll sing with holy transport,
While viewing things above;
All glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love.

7. In yonder world of pleasure,
Behold the shining throng;
Salvation to the Saviour
Is flowing from each tongue.

The sparkling gates are open,
The golden streets I view,
My happy soul would join them,
And praise my Jesus too.

3. The gales of grace are blowing:
My soul is on the wing;
Salvation's current's flowing,
And well may christians sing;
The fiery chariot's rolling;
To bear me thro' the skies;
To precious, loving Jesus,
Away my spirit flies.

29. *Jesus the friend of Sinners.* 8 l. 7, 6 s.

1. GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy blessings to receive.
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2. On the throne, as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and my pain,
Thy blood is ever nigh.
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and will forever be;

Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3. Nothing have I, Lord to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For thou know'st I am poor.
Naught have I but sin and shame,
But this affords a plea with thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4. No good work, or word, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought,
Thro' Jesus' righteousness:
Shall I come, as first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5. Without money, without price,
To thee I would draw nigh;
From myself I turn mine eyes,
The chief of sinners I.
Take, O! take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

6. Saviour, from thy wounded side,
O, let me ne'er depart;

Here I would my spirit hide,
  Till I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
  This, this alone, shall be my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
  Thy blood was shed for me.

30. *Star in the East.* 8 l. 10 s. Matt. II, 2.

HAIL the blest morn, when the great Mediator
  Did from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
  Lo, for his guard bright angels attend.
  Brightest and best of the sons of the morning;
  Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
  Star in the East! the horizon adorning,
  Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining
  Low lies his head with the beast of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
  Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
    Brightest, &c.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
  Odours from Eden in offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the Ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine!
    Brightest, &c.

4. Vainly we offer each costly oblation.
Vainly with gold would his favour secur
Richer by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poo
Brightest, &c.

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81. *Incarnation and sufferings of Christ.* 11

1. HOSANNA to Jesus, my soul rise and sin
He's worthy of praises, let all the earth ring
To rescue lost sinners, he left his bright thro
And lifts us to glory by free grace alone.

2. My heart is enraptur'd, and love tunes
tongue;
Unite, my dear brethren, to swell the sw
song;
It burst forth in glory and roll'd down the s
To raise helpless sinners to mansions on hi

3. A band of bright angels descends from abo
To bear the glad tidings of Jesus's love;
The swains highly favor'd to Bethlehem we
And witness'd the truth of this joyful even

4. My soul stand and wonder, then bow & ado
The owner of all things is turn'd out of do
The sovereign of angels commands no este
From sinners, the objects he came to redee

5. Pray, why is this darkness prevailing at no
Or why doth all nature seem strangely
mourn?

While rocks cleave asunder, and earth quakes
aloud,
My Jesus is dying!—he surely is God.

Methinks, as he languish'd and died on the
tree,
His eyes roll'd in pity, and fixed upon me :
The look overwhelm'd me and conquered my
heart,
And bound me unto him—O! never to part.

The tears of contrition in torrents did flow,
While this bleeding Jesus such favors betow!
Unworthy such kindness, O Lord to receive,
Arise said the Saviour, I freely forgive.

By love I am conquer'd, in tears I rejoice ;
O! may I but praise him in action and voice ;
And if up to heaven I'm finally borne,
The praise of salvation is to him alone.

32. *Lovest thou me.* 7 s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
t is the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, "poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
And I want to get as happy as I well can be;
Lord, send salvation down.

deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wounds

Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3. Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bear?
Yes, she may forgetful be!
Yet will I remember thee.

4. Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath:
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

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38. *The Turtle Dove.* 8 l. L. M.

1. HARK! don't you hear the turtle dov
The token of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighbouring vallies echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The token of your Saviour's love.
He comes the barren land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubilee year.

The winter's past, the rain is o'er.
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come and summer too,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection's drawing nigh;
Behold the nations from abroad,
Are flocking to the mount of God.

The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh,
"O sinners turn, why will you die?"
How can you slight the gospel's charms?
Enlist with Christ—gird on your arms;
These are the days that were foretold
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

The latter day is verging on,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God:
O yes, and I will join that band;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
With Satan's band no more to be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land,

The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea.
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout the great Redeemer's praise.

34. *The happy Christian singing praises to Jesus.* 6 l. 6. 6. 11 s.

1. HOSANNA to Jesus,
I'm fill'd with his praises.
Come O my dear brethren and help me to sing
No theme is so charming,
No love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness, and comfort within.

2. Hosanna is ringing,
O how I love singing!
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name
The angels in glory,
Repeat the glad story.
Of Jesus's love, which is made known to me.

3. Hosanna to Jesus,
Who died to redeem us,
I'll serve him and praise him, wherever I go
He's now gone to heaven,
The spirit is given
To quicken and comfort his people below.

4. Hosanna for ever,
His grace, like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land;

. His love is unbounded,
We feel it extended
ous, and we'll praise him in one social band.

5 Hosanna is ringing,
For christians are singing
e praises of Jesus, and tasting his love;
The sound goes to heaven,
The echo is given,
rolls thro' my soul from the mansions above.

6. Hosanna to Jesus,
My soul feels him precious;
m marching to glory with bright royal bands,
Come on my dear brethren,
Let's all go to heaven,
or Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

7. Hosanna to Jesus,
My soul sweetly rises;
ll soon be transported to yond happy clime,
Where I shall see Jesus,
And dwell on his praises,
nd with him glory eternally shine.

35. *Christ's Ascension & Session in Heaven.* 8 l. 7 s.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven;
There the pompous triumph waits;

Lift your heads ye chrystal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in!

2. Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls the world his own;
Still for us he intercedes;
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3. Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yond azure height;
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

36. *Invitation to free Salvation.* 8 l. 8, 7 s.

1. HARK! the jubilee is sounding;
  Lo! the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed
  In and thro' God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation
  To the meek, and lowly Lamb.
Glory, honor and salvation,
  Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2. Come, dear sinners, don't neglect it,
  Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
  O receive it, now's your time:
Now the Saviour is beginning
  To revive his work again.
Glory, honor and salvation,
  Christ the Lord has come to reign.

3. Now let each one cease from sinning,
  Come and follow Christ, the way,
Look to Jesus for a blessing,
  Seek his face from day to day.
Golden moments you've neglected,
  O the time you've spent in vain!
But the Saviour, long expected,
  Now appears on earth to reign.

4. Christians run your race with patience,
  Looking unto Christ the Lord;
He doth live and reign forever,

With his Father and our God,
He is worthy to be praised;
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

5. Happy children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore.
Free salvation should constrain us,
Praise to sound from shore to shore.
Soon we'll join the hosts in glory,
Crowns of victory we'll obtain;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ will then forever reign.

37 *The happiness of a gracious state.* 8l. 8, 7, 4, 3 s.

1. HOW happy's every child of grace.
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,
That bears the fruits of righteousness,
And kept by Jesus' power;
Their trespasses are all forgiven,
They antedate the joys of heaven,
In rapturous rays
Shout the praise
Of Jesus' grace,
To a lost race
Of sinners, brought to happiness.
Thro' the atoning blood of Jesus,

2. Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
And all the p w rs of earth besiege;
Their strength combin'd at once engage
To pluck a soul from Jesus.
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn;
He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,
He'll watch and pray,
Night and day,
Fight his way,
Win the day,
And all his enemies dismay.
Thro' the mighty name of Jesus.

3. O monster death, thy sting is drawn:
O boasted grave, no trophies won;
The saint triumphs thro' grace alone,
To praise the name of Jesus:
At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and show—
The soul it flies,
Through the skies,
To paradise,
And joins its voice,
In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

4. When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And swears that time is at an end,
Ye dead arise to Judgment.

See light'nings flash, and thunders roll,
This earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,
Comets blaze,
Sinners raise,
Dread amaze,
And horror seize
The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

5. The christian filled with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
To meet his Saviour in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus.
The soul and body re-unite
And fill'd with glory infinite.
Blessed day,
Christians say,
Will you pray,
That we may
All join that happy company,
And praise the name of Jesus.

38. *The broken hearted encouraged.* 8 l. 12, 10 s.

1. HOW sad is my state! says the heart-broken sinner,
Not one ray of comfort arises for me!
And is there no refuge to shield me from danger—
No covert to which the distressed may flee?
Alas! I'm a wretch on the brink of destruction,

Whose heart, all polluted by Satan's seduction,
Has urged me astray from the Saviour's instruction,
Whose love is unbounded, whose mercy is free.

2. Mount Sinai, in thunder, discharges its fire.
And justice pursues me, how awful its claim!
The thundering trumpet proclaims it still higher,
The soul that has sinned shall surely be slain.
I sink, O thou Saviour! I sink in deep water!
O! reach forth thy hand as thou didst unto Peter!
Thy grace and thy mercy alone can deliver;
Thy love is unbounded, thy mercy is free.

3. Thou Saviour of sinners, I bow under suff'ring,
My heart, tho' polluted, I give unto thee;
Unworthy and poor, I acknowledge the off'ring;
But O! kind Redeemer, remember thou me.
The means of thy grace I have long—long neglected,
And like the mad legion, thy mercy rejected;
But legion subdu'd was by Jesus accepted;
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

4. Tho' blind as Bartemus, like him I'll be crying
To Jesus for mercy, on my sinking soul;
Tho' weak as the impotent man who was lying
At Bethsaida, still I will wait at the pool:

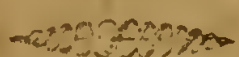
Like Mary I'll come to the feet of the Saviou
He cannot, he will not exclude me forever,
For Saul and Manassah obtained his free favo
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

5. Tho' sad is my state and forlorn my condition
To Jesus, the Saviour, I'll look for relief:
Like Esther, the Queen, I'll present my pet
tion,
And hope for the mercy which pardoned
thief.
The queen, tho' she trembled, was kindly ac
cepted,
Nor was a poor penitent ever rejected;
Then why should I languish and feel thus de
jected?
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.

6. To see him descending on Calvary bleeding:
To view him arising and claiming his throne.
O'erpow'rs my heart with a mingled emotion;
O! take it my Saviour, and seal it thy own.
While gazing and sinking, I rise into rapture;
Sway triumphant, Jesus, the gospel, thy scep-
tre;
The vilest of rebels, I know, thou canst con-
quer;
Thy love is unbounded, thy mercy is free.

7. Thy pardoning grace, how unbounded the
blessing!
I feel it in torrents run down from above;

Let gratitude rise unto God without ceasing,
Until we ascend to the ocean of love;
There, there we shall meet this exalted Redeemer,
There, there all the ransom'd united together,
Shall swell the sweet chorus forever and ever,
His love is unbounded, his mercy is free.



59. *Invitation to the Gospel Feast.* 81. 8. 7s.

1. HARK! the gospel's trumpet's sounding,
Sinners hear the call and come;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Now invites the weary home.
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honour, adoration!
Jesus Christ to save us came.

2. Tho' your crimes have reach'd to heaven,
And of deepest die appear,
Ask and they shall be forgiven,
Seek and you shall find him near.

3. Tho' a sinful world reject you,
Guardian angels hov'ring round,
Ever ready to protect you,
Flaming ministers are found.

4. Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Tho' the strongest fetters bind you,
Jesus Christ can make you free.

Turn, dear sinners, turn to Jesus,
Bow your hearts unto his call;
See your loving, bleeding Saviour
Waiting to receive you all!

5. Free from hell's eternal prison,
Unbelief's tormenting chain;
Free from endless woe—perdition!
Free from everlasting pain.

6. Broken hearts, with sin distress'd,
Come to Jesus, come to-day;
Poor and needy, lost and wretched,
Come, you need not stay away.

7. Hark! ye blind, the Saviour calls you,
Wait no longer, there is room;
Cast your rags of sin behind you,
Rise, the Saviour bids you come.

8. Angels join with saints forgiven,
Sound the praise of Jesus' name!
Let the world, the church and heaven
Sweetly echo with the theme.
Glory, honour, and salvation!
To the Lamb that once was slain!
Honour, praise and adoration!
Reign, sweet Jesus! ever reign!

40. *The Minister's desire.* L. M.

1. I LONG to see the season come,
O glory, hallelujah!

When sinners shall come flocking home,
O glory, hallelujah! O Canaan, sweet Canaan, is a happy, happy place, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.
To feast on God's eternal love,
O glory, hallelujah!
And be prepar'd for realms above.
O glory, hallelujah! O Canaan, sweet Canaan, is a happy, happy place, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

. Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

. He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart:
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you sons and heirs of God.

. A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In realms above with Christ to dwell,
Or, sink beneath his frowns to hell.

. Come sinners all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
And full salvation you shall find.

. Take your companion by the hand;

And all your children in the band,
And give them up at Jesus' call;
Perhaps he'll bless and save them all.

7. When the great day of Christ shall co
When he collects his jewels home;
On Zion's mount we hope to stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

8. O what a glorious company!
May I be there the sight to see,
And join in praises to the Lamb,
All glorious in Jerusalem.

41. *Jesus superior to worldly objects.* 7l. 8, 6

1. I'M tir'd of visits, modes and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow worms,
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy sweet company, my Lord,
The life of all my joys.

2. When he begins to tell his love,
Thro' every vein my passions move,
The captive of his tongue;
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound;
Nor should I feel December cold,
Nor think the darkness long.

There, while I hear my Saviour God,
Count o'er the sins, a heavy load,
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt, nor grief his own,
But bore it all for me.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
Transported and inspir'd my tongue,
Attempts his triumph in a song,
How has the serpent lost his sting!
And where's thy victory, grave?

But when he shews his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire;
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds,
With more intense desire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part;
His arms embrace me, and his hand
My drooping head sustains.

7. Fly from my thoughts all human thi
Ye sporting swains and fighting king
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains those little snares,
And soars above such worldly cares;
Thine arms my God are sweeter ban
Nor shall my heart remove.

43. *Jesus the way to Heaven.* L. M.

1. Jesus my all to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue,
The narrow way, till him I view.
Young converts can't you arise and t
Young converts can't you arise and t
Young converts can't you arise and t
The wonders of Emanuel:
Yes thank the Lord, I can rise and te
Yes thank the Lord, I can rise and t
Yes thank the Lord, I can rise and t
The wonders of Emanuel.

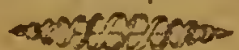
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

be more I strove against its power,
inn'd and stumbled but the more;
l late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

o! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
alt take me to thee whose I am;
y sinful self to thee I give,
thing but love shall I receive.

hen will I tell to sinners round,
hat a dear Saviour I have found,
l point to thy redeeming blood,
nd say behold the way to God.



14. *Longing for Christ to come.* 41.11 s.

LONG for the day when my Saviour shall come,
In splendid and dread majesty;
nd shall bid me arise and ascend to my home;
That home he's provided for me.

At the word of his power I shall rise from the grave,
(All nature that word must obey,)
nd ascend to his throne, a bright crown to receive,
And to shout all my sorrows away.

I will tell the bless'd spirits that's shining above,
How he sav'd a poor rebel in arms;

How he told me his suff'ring his pity and
Till he captur'd my heart by his charm

4. I'll tell how he enter'd the regions of dea
And bound the dread monster in chains
And, by his great goodness, bestow'd on
faith,
To deliver from sin and from pains.

5. I'll tell how my soul, overcome by his lov
Sat longing to feel his embrace :
How he caused my affections towards hin
move,
By revealing the smiles on his face.

6. I'll tell how he still would conduct me alo
E'en when I had wander'd astray ;
How he lur'd me aright by the notes of
song,
"My love, my sweet dove come away."

7. How he brought me thro' conflicts, thro' da
gers and snares,
I will tell that his love ne'er witndrew ;
How he led me to conquest, and banish'd
fears,
And e'en when in death, brought me thro

8. I'll join with the millions in glory above,
His praises forever to swell ;
In the mansions of bliss ever sing of his lov
That love which I never can tell.

45. *Benefits of affliction.* 6 l.7,8 s.

N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
esus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which brings Jesus to my soul.

Thus the lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is given;
trengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Hoping that my sin's forgiven.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Singing as I wade to heaven.

Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those who know not Christ, they frighten,
But my soul defies their power.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Christ is with me every hour.

In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands:
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee:
"Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

In the darkest dispensations,
Thus my Jesus doth appear,

With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

6. All I meet, I find assist me
On my way to heavenly joy;
Trials, tho' they now attend me,
These shall never more annoy,
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Bear me to eternal joy.

7. Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
When wilt thou thy work complete?

46. *Christ the Church's Foundation.*

1. JESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for sinners spilt,
Is the stone by God appointed,
And the church is on him built.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
He his blood for sinners spilt!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
He delivers souls from guilt.

2. Many eyes at once are fixed
On a person so divine;

Love with awful justice mixed,
In his great Redemption shine.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Sound his praise in songs divine!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Jesus! Jesus! shall be thine.

By the Father's eye approved,
Lo! a voice is heard from heaven,
Sinners, this is my beloved,
For your ransom freely given.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Jesus Christ descends from heaven!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Now our sins can be forgiven.

Angels, with their eyes pursu'd him,
When he left his glorious throne;
With astonishment they view'd him,
Put the form of servant on!
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Angels sung the Saviour's birth!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Sound it, sinners, thro' the earth.

Satan and his host amazed,
Saw this stone in Zion laid,
Jesus, tho' to death abased,
Bruis'd the subtle serpent's head.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Jesus shed his precious blood!

Honor! praise! and adoration!
See him rise! proclaim him God.

6. When a guilty sinner sees him,
While he looks his soul is heal'd;
Soon the sight from anguish frees him,
And imparts a pardon seal'd.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Reign, my Lord, within my heart;
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Let no rival claim a part.

7. With desire and admiration,
All his blood bought flocks behold;
Him who wrought out their salvation,
And incios'd them in his fold.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Never can his praise be told!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Spread it! spread it thro' the world!

8. By the eye of carnal reason,
Many view him with disdain;
How will they abide the season,
When he'll come with all his train?
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Christ will visit earth again!
Honor praise! and adoration!
Jesus will forever reign.

9. How their hearts will melt and tremble,
When he says, to judgment come!

But his saints he will assemble,
And convey them to his throne.
Glory! honor! and salvation!
Jesus! Jesus! wear the crown!
Honor! praise! and adoration!
Let his praise forever sound!

47. *Baptism a solemn ordinance.* 8l.8,7 s.

. JESUS, master, pray discover,
Pleasure in us, while we stand
Near the margin of this water,
To fulfil thy great command.
Here the world, the flesh, and devil,
We would solemnly renounce;
Help us, Lord, to cease from evil,
And a life to God announce.

. Make this stream, like Jordan, blessed,
Where our Jesus was baptised;
At this place be thou confessed,
Until time and nature dies.
Be this stream a test and token,
Of our solemn vows to God;
May these vows be never broken—
May we ne'er forsake the Lord.

. On our way we go rejoicing,
Conscious of our pleasing God,
Following Jesus, ever walking
In the path the Saviour trod.

Help us thou baptised Jesus,
What we've vow'd for to fulfil;
From our fears of sinning ease us;
Mould and guide us at thy will.

4. As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation,
Are immers'd beneath the wave.
Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient mode pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

48. *Parting from Christian Friends.* 6l. 8, 7s.

1. JESUS grant us all a blessing;
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters;
Praise the Lord, and onward move.

2. Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Help us all to flee from sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home;

And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

4. Guide us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims thro' this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
May we meet on Canaan's land.

5. Open, Lord, the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Let us none but Jesus know.

6. When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Jesus shall the stream divide;
Death of death's, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
All our wants will be supplied.

49. *Desiring to be kept by Jesus.* 8 l. 7, 6, 8 s.

1. LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?

Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath their weight I cannot move;
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pard'ning love!

2. Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought,
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3. If I have begun, once more,
Thy sweet return to feel;
If, e'en now, I find thy power
Present, my soul to heal,
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4. To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to rove;
That I never, never more
May with my much lov'd master part;
To the post of mercy's door,
O! bind my willing heart.

. See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O! preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own;
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

. As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever wait.
Tears of joy, mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

50. *Legion dispossessed.* 81.8,7 s.

. LEGION was my name by nature;
Satan rul'd within my breast;
Never misery was greater,
Never sinner more possessed:
Mischievous to all around me,
To myself the greatest foe;
Thus I was when Jesus found me,
Fill'd with madness, sin and woe.

. Yet, in this forlorn condition,
When he came to set me free,

I reply'd to my physician,
" What have I to do with thee?"?
But he would not be prevented;
Grace subdu'd my stubborn will;
Then how gladly I consented!
And am thankful for it still.

3. " Satan, tho' thou fain wouldst have it,
" Know this soul is none of thine;
" I have shed my blood to save it,
" Now I challenge it for mine:
" Tho' it long thee has resembled,
" Henceforth it shall me obey."
Thus he spoke while Satan trembled,
Gnash'd his teeth and fled away.

4. Thus my frantic soul he healed,
Bid my sins and sorrows cease;
" Take," said he, " my pardon sealed,
" I have sav'd thee, go in peace."
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
Now thy love and grace I know;
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
Why should I remain below;

5. " Love," he said, " will sweeten labours
" Thou hast something yet to do;
" Go and tell your friends and neighbours
" What the Lord has done for you.
" Live to manifest my glory,
" Wait for heaven a little space;

'Sinners, when they hear thy story,
"Will repent and seek my face."

1. *The sheep desiring to be fed by the good Shepherd.* 8 l. 8,7 s.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O! come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

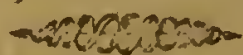
Some are following men's inventions,
And reject the Saviour's laws;
Hence division and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause:
Hence we suffer persecution;
Foolish virgins soundly sleep—
All is uproar and confusion—
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

Saviour God, with courage arm us,
Help us still to persevere;
Nothing, we are sure can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us, and frees us—
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

4. Lord, in us there is no merit;
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide, O! guide us by thy Spirit,
Help us to embrace the truth.
Help us on thy word to venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love our Lord, adore our Saviour—
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of your salvation
Saying, "fear not little flock;
"I myself am your foundation,
"You are built upon this rock.
"Shun the paths of vice and folly,
"Near your shepherd constant keep:
"Look to me, and be ye holy,
"I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Now we'll rush thro' what encumbers,
Every hindrance overleap;
Undismay'd by force or numbers,
The good shepherd feeds his sheep.



52. *Parting Song.* C. M.

1. LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace;

Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place,

Glory, honor, praise and power
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O, let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

Thus, let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

Where sin and sorrow, from each heart,
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part,
Once interrupt our joy.

Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But, in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

And thus, thro' all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

53. *Behold he cometh with Clouds.* 8 l. 8, 7s

1. LOOK, behold the Lord is coming;
Soon he'll come upon a cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
And the saints shall join the crowd.
I will arise and run to meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus.
O! there are ten thousand charms.

2. Now behold his arms extended,
Hear, O hear his charming voice,
Let each heart beat high for glory,
Jesus, Jesus, is my choice.

3. Behold, and see the saints ascending,
Hear them shouting through the air,
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding;
Now his glory we shall share.

4. Now behold, the heavens open,
And the saints in glory there;
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, Glory, fills the air.

5. Hark, and hear each loving spirit
Shout the praises of the Lamb,
While the smiles of precious Jesus
And his love increase the flame.

6. There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side;

Raise the song, and sing forever,
While eternal ages glide.

54. *A Minister's Farewell.* 11 s.

My brethren, in Jesus, I bid you farewell;
I hope we in glory together shall dwell;
But while I am trav'ling in sorrow below,
I'm call'd for a season to bid you adieu.

May heaven protect you—be Jesus your guide;
On the walls of fair Zion, may I still abide;
Altho' for a season these bodies must part,
Cemented by love we're together in heart.

Live near to your Saviour, be often in prayer,
And while I am absent remember me there:
Let us always remember, 'thou God seest me,'
And hope soon in glory with Jesus to be.

No evenings in heaven to need the pale moon,
Nor shall we e'er sigh for the light of the sun:
All sorrow, and sighing, forever shall cease;
And christians shall join in a song of free grace.

Farewell to temptation, to anguish and pain,
I'm going to Jesus forever to reign!
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints & bright angels to dwell evermore.

And when I meet Jesus in mansions above,
Where christians and seraphs are fill'd with
his love.

O! then I shall look for these mourners [tha
here ;
How glad we shall be to meet each other the

55. *Behold I stand at the door and knock.* 8 l. 8,7

1. NOW the Saviour stands a pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding
On the burden'd sinner's part.
Sinners can you hate this Saviour?
Can you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2. Sinners hear your God and Saviour—
Hear his gracious voice to-day:
Turn, O turn, and seek his favor;
Now's the time—O turn to-day.

3. Open, now, your hearts before him;
Bid your Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and love—adore him—
Take a full discharge from sin.

4. Now he's waiting to be gracious;
Now he stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

5. Come, for all things now are ready—
Yes; there's room for many more;
O, ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to grace's boundless store.

56. *Nativity of Christ.* 10 l.

O! HOW charming, O! how charming!
  Is the radiant band
Of music, music, music, music, music;
O! how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air!
  Angelic armies tune their harps,
  And raptur'd Cherubs play their parts;
  Angelic armies tune their harps,
    Strike their highest note
  At the Redeemer's birth.

Gabriel descending! Gabriel descending!
  Brings the joyful news.
O! joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful;
Brings the joyful news of the Redeemer's birth;
The great Messiah's come to earth.
  Good will to men I now proclaim,
  The Saviour's born in Bethlehem.
  Good will to men I now proclaim;
    Shout! shout! shout! the great
  Messiah's born to-day.

See his star arising! see his star arising
  In the eastern sky!
Now rising, rising, rising, rising, rising
See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high!
  The types and shadows flee away;
  And now begins the gospel day;
  The types and shadows flee away;

Shout! shout! shout! the great
Redeemer's born to-day!

4. Shepherds adore him, wise men have fou
him!
Glory be to God!
O! glory, glory, glory, glory, glory,
Wise men have found him by the rising st
And come to worship from afar!
Their golden gifts they now present.
And spices of the sweetest scent;
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout! shout! shout! the King
Of glory's born to day!

5. Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
Praise the infant King;
O! praise him, praise him, praise him, pra
him,
Jews and Gentiles praise the infant King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sing,
With Gabriel and the shining hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
With Gabriel and the shining hosts
Shout! shout! shout! the King
Of Kings is born to-day!

6. I am happy! I am happy!
Glory be to God;
I am happy, happy, happy, happy, happy,
I am happy in his love;
It fires my soul for realms above!

I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
I find the Saviour in my heart,
I feel the bliss his wounds impart :
Shout! shout! shout! here's glory
Glory in my soul!

57. *The Christian's Complaints.* 4 l. 13 s.

I am the great complainer that bears the name of Christ ;
Come all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries ;
I have many sore temptations, with sorrow to my soul ;
My faith, I fear's declining, and my affections cold.

I wish it was now with me, as it was in days of old.
When the glorious light of Jesus was shining on my soul ;
But now I am distress'd, and I no peace can see,
For I am fill'd with mourning like the dove on every tree.

My mind is so confounded I cannot see my way,
I meet such sore temptations that I neglect to pray ;
While others are rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

4. I fear that I'm not worthy to bear the C
tian name,
Or talk of blessed Jesus, or at his table m
While others look upon me, and think I'
the train,
I fear that I'm not worthy to bear the Cl
tian name.

5. We read of pain and patience, meet Cl
tians by the way,
Who bear the cross with meekness, and d
neglect to pray;
But I've a thousand objects beset me on
road,
And stop me of my duty, I justly owe to C

6. My hope and my experience are almost o
sight,
And I'm a helpless creature, too feeble fo
fight;
The world, the flesh and Satan, they do
soul enthrall;
I oftimes fear, like David, I shall one
fall by Saul.

7. We read of blessed Jesus, and from him c
fort draw;
But I'm not like the Pharisees, whose f
was in the law;
I had rather trust the gospel, all in my do
ful case;
For if ever I reach the kingdom it will be t
free grace.

The law all in its purity demands a perfect heart,
And I'm a helpless creature, I cannot act my part;
But Jesus has fulfill'd it, and life and peace will give;
And all who trust in Jesus shall by his merits live.

A Christian's View of Heaven. C. M. 81.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and brooks, and hills and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bles-'d?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away:
With joy exchange all earthly things,
For God's eternal love;
Ye angel bands expand your wings,
And bear my soul above.

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59. *The Mystery.* 8l. 8, 10 s.

1. O, what a glorious mystery!
'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder!
That I should ever saved be,
'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder!
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder!
The love of God unspeakable,
'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder!

2. Great mystery! that God should place
His love on those of Adam's race;
That I should also share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.

3. Great mystery! pray tell me why
That Christ for sinners e'er should die?
That he should e'er leave the realms of bli
And die for rebels on the cross?

Great mystery! it can't be told,
That God should save my sinking soul,
And snatch me from the jaws of hell,
The greatness of his love to tell!

O, why was not I left behind,
With thousand others of mankind,
Who run the dangerous sinful race,
And die and never taste his grace?

'Twas love that spread the gracious feast,
'Twas love that made my soul a guest,
'Twas love that brought him from above,
'Twas love, O matchless, boundless love!

Not all the heavenly hosts can scan
The glory of this noble plan!
O, 'tis a glorious mystery!
And will be to eternity!

A Preacher's desire for the Church. 8 7 8 7 8s.

O, may I worthy prove to see
The church in full prosperity;
To see this bride—this glorious bride,
Exalted near her Saviour's side.
And I'll sing glory, glory,
And praise the Lord who came to die,
And I'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high.

I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
I hope to praise him after death;

I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home
My Jesus smiles and bids me come;
May angels bear my soul away,
To sing his praise in endless day.

4. I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5, We soon shall hear that awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
To meet King Jesus in the clouds.

6. Then shall I see my Saviour God,
And praise him in his high abode;
My theme, to all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

61. *Praise for Redemption* 61. 8, 7s.

1. O, THOU God of my salvation!
My Redeemer from all sin!
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2. While the angel choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM!

I, with them, would still be crying
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious, O how precious!
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing, yet the blessing
Down to man—to me it flows!

Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shewn,
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favor—
This he makes to mortals known.
Give him glory, give him glory!
Glory, glory is his own.

Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived, they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong.

62. *Parting Song.* 8, 7, 8s.

ON earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet,
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief, to say my friends farewell.

And we'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high;
And we'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high.

The Shepherd feels the smarting shock
Of parting from his loving flock;
His feelings for them none can tell,
When forced to say, my friends farewell.

3. The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall all have gotten home;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
No more to bid the sad farewell.

4. O! happy place! O! blissful day!
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting will be past;
Their social feast shall ever last.

5. O! happy day! the saints shall meet
In love and holiness complete;
No more to feel the rending smart,
Which now we feel when forced to part.

6. Such union here is sought in vain,
As there in every breast will reign;
While at the Saviour's feet we'll fall,
And own that he is all in all.
And we'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high;
And we'll sing glory, glory,
And shout his praises round the sky.

63. *Redeeming Love.* 8l. 8, 6s.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eyes;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to these rivers rise.
'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
And cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

While I'm imprison'd here below,
In angaish, pain and smart;
Oft times my troubles I forego,
While love surrounds my heart.
n darkest shadows of the night
Faith mounts the upper sky,
then behold my heart's delight,
And could rejoice to die.

I view the monster death, and smile,
For he has lost his sting;
And Satan rages all the while,
Triumphant I can sing.
hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go,
'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
And I shall join the heavenly host
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

My happy soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is pleasing news to me.

5. O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me thro' the sky;
Nor let my chariot wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh.
I long to see thy beauteous face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

6. Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To praise the eternal King;
In ages that can ne'er be told,
With all the saints I'll sing.
And hail the glorious Son of God
Who died on Calvary,
And sav'd us by his precious blood
From endless misery.

7. Then thousands, thousands, join in one
To praise the eternal three;
Prostrate before his throne they'll fall,
In deep humility.
Then rise and tune their harps of gold,
And swell the immortal lyre;
In ages that can ne'er be told,
They'll raise his praises higher.

64. *The social band.* 8l. 8s.

SAY now ye lovely social band,
Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, wish you to return again?
Have you just ventur'd to the field,
Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield,
And shall the world with dread alarms
Compel you now to ground your arms?

Come, dear young soldiers, count the cost,
And say, what pleasures have you lost?
Or what misfortune doth it bring,
To have Jehovah for your King?
Shall sin entice you back again,
And bind you with its iron chain?
Has vice to you such lovely charms,
That you must die within her arms?

Beware of pleasure's Syren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
Then can you envy those who stray,
And wander far from wisdom's way;
Or do you look with pity round.
To see them for destruction bound?

Then let it be your chief concern,
Your high profession to adorn;
To praise and magnify the Lord,
Who turn'd you from the downward road.

Let all your conversation prove
Your interest in the Saviour's love;
And when you bid the world adieu,
May others wish to follow you.

5. Now, let your thoughts delight to soar,
Where sin, and pain shall be no more;
To pass the grave and mount on high,
To pleasures pure above the sky;
Where on the hill of sweet repose,
You'll bid adieu to all your woes;
And ever walk the flow'ry fields,
And pluck the fruit Canaan yields.

6. There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like light'ning at command:
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angel bands submissive wait,
And armies worship at his feet.

7. Behold! I see among the rest,
An host in richer garments drest,
And nearest to the throne they stand,
With palms of victory in their hands!
Upon this peaceful, happy shore,
They're met at last to part no more;
Where flesh and sin shall ne'er controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

65. *Christian happy in the love of Christ.* 8l. 8s.

THIS day my soul has caught new fire;
To heav'nly raptures I aspire;
I fain would leave this cumbrous clay,
With angel bands to soar away;
When christians join in fervent prayer,
Jehovah—Jesus, meets them there;
They wield the spirit's glittering sword,
And hosts are conquer'd by the word.

When Israel came to Jericho,
Began to shout, and pray and blow,
The tow'ring walls came tumbling down,
Like Dagon, prostrate on the ground.
O'er proud Goliah David gain'd
The victory, tho' he was disdain'd;
The Hebrews in the dreadful flame
Prov'd Zion's King was still the same.

See Gideon marching out to fight,
Having a trumpet and a light;
He took a pitcher and a lamp,
And storm'd the Midianitish camp.
Saint Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Would sing and pray and spite of hell;
And I will also praise my king,
Altho' oppos'd by earth and sin.

Amidst temptations, sharp and strong,
Rejoice, the victory will soon be won;
Fight on ye sons of liberty,
And you shall reign eternally;

And since we are in Jesus bless'd,
We're trav'ling to a world of rest,
To join the angels round the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come.

5. The hottest battle is begun;
Come stand the fire until 'tis done;
Some foes are wounded, others slain—
Fight on, and you with Christ shall reign.
Jehovah, the eternal King,
With love will say, my saints come in;
Thro' floods and flames, you've reach'd shore,
Come reign with me forever more.

6. Come near the crown, and let your tongu
Sing Gabriel's new eternal song;
Then we shall lay our weapon's by,
And shout with angels thro' the sky.
O glory, glory, to the Lamb,
Throughout my soul I feel the flame;
Expand your wings ye hosts above,
And bear me to the God of love.

66. *The Land of Pleasure.* 8l. 7, 8s.

1. THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy forever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;

But, since the Saviour found me,
  A lamp has shone along my way.

My way is full of danger,
  But 'tis the path that leads to God.
And like a faithful soldier,
  I'll march along the heavenly road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
  My breast-plate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
  Until I reach the heavenly field.

I'm on the way to Zion,
  Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;
O come along, dear sinners,
  And view Emanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
  I bid a long, a long farewell:
O come, or you'll repent it,
  When you do reach the gate of hell.

The vale of tears around me,
  And Jordan's current rolls before;
O how I stand and tremble,
  To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
  And keep my soul from sinking there—
From sinking down to darkness,
  And to the regions of despair?

The stream shall not affright me,
  Altho' tis deeper than the grave;

If Jesus stands beside me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale
O, may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gate of death I sail.

6. Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low;
Soon I shall reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
O, sinners, shall I leave you,
No more to join your social band—
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand?

7. Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll;
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

C7. *The effects of the Gospel attended by Divine Power.* 8l. 7, 6s.

1. THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners now are coming
Into the gospel tide.

The standard of King Jesus,
In glorious triumphs rise!
And sinners crowd around it,
With bitter groans and cries.

2. The sufferings of the Saviour
Upon mount Calvary,
Are sounded out to sinners,
Come, this will set you free.
And whilst this glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls expos'd to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.

3. And of this happy number,
I hope that I am one;
And Jesus Christ will finish
The work he has begun.
He'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I'll forever be
A monument of mercy,
Thro' all eternity.

4. I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King and Priest.
I have receiv'd my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness.

5. Down—down into the water,
Where we young converts go,
Following our Lord and Master,
In righteousness below.
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of our Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.

6. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me;
Behold his mangled body
Hung tortur'd on the tree!
His head, his hands, his bleeding sides,
To you he doth display!
O tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?

7. Come, all ye elder brethren,
Old soldiers of the cross;
Who for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things lost;
Come, pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

68. *The reign of Christ.* 9l. 8, 7, 6s.

1. THE glorious morn is rolling on,
The jubilee is near its dawn;

The wheel of Providence unfolds
The love of God to souls.
From east to west, from north to south,
The gospel trumpet's sounding forth;
Old saints revive, and shout and sing,
All glory to our conquering King,
A thousand years shall reign.

Satan he'll bind, and him consign
Down to the pit to be confin'd;
The pit he'll shut and seal it up,
And cause his saints to triumph.
Kings and priests they all appear,
And reign with Christ a thousand years;
Banqueting, they will feast and sing,
All glory, &c.

The great, the Babylonish whore,
Shall drink the blood of saints no more:
Dominions, thrones and powers shall fall,
And Christ be all in all.
Kings and queens will both agree—
Fathers and nursing mothers be;
Their children's children then shall sing,
All glory, &c.

This spirit, with its brightness shown,
The man of sin will then consume;
The antichristian powers shall fall—
Free grace be own'd by all:
The jubilee will sound abroad,

And every nation know the Lord,
The Church triumphant, then will sing,
All glory, &c.

5. No more shall sinners dare to reign,
Nor persecution raise its flame :
No more the use of swords and spears—
The jubilee appears.
The law from Zion then shall flow,
And justice shall be done below.
Mercy and truth thro' earth shall ring,
All glory, &c.

6. A thousand years shall roll around,
His loving bride shall wear the crown ;
The Jews that's spread all o'er the land,
He'll gather in his band ;
A day of universal birth,
A nation born to God on earth ;
The Jews and Gentiles both will sing,
All glory, &c.

7. And when the jubilee is o'er,
The saints remain on earth no more,
Like Enoch and Elijah, they
Will mount and fly away ;
In light divine, they'll live and shine ;
Sweet Jesus, all the glory's thine.
They'll make the heavenly arches ring,
With glory, &c.

Then crowns of glory they shall wear,
And palms of victory also share,
On harps of gold most sweetly sing
In praise of Zion's King.
Their song to all eternity
Shall glory and salvation be,
They'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
All glory to our conquering King,
Eternally shall reign.

69. *The Christian's desire.* L. M.

'TIS my desire with God to walk,
And with his children pray and talk;
Tho' I should persecuted be,
Jesus did suffer so for me.

'Tis my desire baptis'd to be,
As a command, O Lord, from thee;
To be baptis'd like Christ my God,
Who was immers'd in Jordan's flood.

'Tis my desire around thy board,
To meet the saints my dearest Lord,
In union with thy church to be,
And oft commune with them and thee.

'Tis my desire with saints to meet,
And wash thy dear desciples' feet;
To do as Jesus Christ my Lord,
Has bid me in his holy word.

5. 'Tis my desire to bear the cross,
And yield to all my Saviour's laws.
To follow where my Jesus leads,
In all his words, in all his deeds.

6. 'Tis my desire to flee from sin,
And ever keep my conscience clean;
For Christ to count all things but loss,
And glory in my Saviour's cross.

7. 'Tis my desire to watch and pray,
And serve the Lord from day to day,
To own that Jesus is my King,
And yield to him in every thing.

8. 'Tis my desire above the rest,
Like John to lean on Jesus' breast;
To live as I would wish to die,
And then to dwell with God on high.

70. *The Sufferings of Jesus.* 9l. 8, 6s.

1. THE Son of Man they did betray;
He was condemned and led away;
Think, O! my soul, that dreadful day!
Think of Mount Calvary!
Behold him lamb-like led along;
Surrounded by a wicked throng;
Accused by each lying tongue;
My Jesus, thus, at length was hung
Upon the shameful tree!

At Pilate's bar the Saviour stood :
From thence he's fastened to the wood—
Behold ! my soul, his precious blood !
  He bows his head forlorn !
His solemn groan all nature shook,
And by his voice the rocks were broke :
The sleeping saints their graves forsook !
But sinners could around him mock,
  And laugh their Lord to scorn!

He hung between the earth and skies ;
Behold! he trembles as he dies!
Oh! sinners hear his mournful cries ;
  Think of his torturing pain!
The brilliant sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight ;
The world was cloth'd in dreadful night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
  When Christ, the Lamb, was slain.

'Tis done, the dreadful debt is paid ;
The great atonement now is made ;
Sinners, your guilt was on him laid ;
  For you he spilt his blood!
For you his tender heart did move ;
For you he left his courts above ;
That you the length and breadth might prove,
The depth and height of perfect love,
  In Christ your smiling God.

Behold him mount the throne of state,
And fill the mediatorial seat,

Whilst millions bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas tell;
While he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains:
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd death and hell.

6. All glory be to God on high,
Who sent his son to bleed and die!
He reigns enthron'd above the sky;
Glory to God be given!
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O! Zion, sing, his grace abounds!
Extend his praise in solemn sounds;
The love of Jesus has no bounds;
It wafts his saints to heaven.

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71. *Elder Dossey's Experience.* 8l. 7, 6s.

1. WHEN grace my soul arrested,
And I began to pray;
Although I felt distress'd,
I thought I knew the way.
I thought when I had mended,
The Lord would me receive;
And felt almost offended,
When told I must believe.

2. At length, by often praying,
And trying to do good;

My sinful ways forsaking,
And crying unto God;
I felt myself prepar'd
The blessing to obtain,
And wonder'd why it tarry'd,
And thought I might complain.

3. The preachers often told me,
The work was all of grace;
And I as often boldly
Deny'd it to their face.
I thought I now was seeking,
And surely should obtain;
But all the time was sleeping
Upon the verge of pain.

4. Amidst the vernal season,
As forth I rov'd abroad,
The flowers address'd my reason,
And pointed me to God.
The birds in sweetest concert,
With nature join'd their lays,
All pointing out young christians,
Combin'd in Jesus' praise.

5. While thus my soul was feasting
On nature's richest bloom,
A wither'd blossom falling,
Proclaim'd my awful doom!
It seem'd, in solemn silence,
To say I bloom'd in vain!

"Just such is thy condition,
"Thou frail and fruitless man!"

6. The stricken deer that's wounded
Forsakes the playful herd;
'Tis thus the mourning sinner
Retires to seek the Lord,
Adieu to old companions,
I bid you all farewell;
Believe me, you are sporting
Upon the brink of hell.

7. Unfit to be with Christians—
Afraid to live in sin,
Alone, in vales of sorrow,
I often rov'd in pain.
Just like the leprous Hebrew,
Excluded from the rest;
Of God and man forsaken,
With sin and grief oppress'd.

8. I look'd around on others,
And saw their sorrows rise;
Their tender hearts were melted,
And [illegible]ars flow'd from their eyes.
But like the nether millstone,
My h[illegible]t was unimpress'd,
I fear'd I'd no conviction,
And never should be bless'd.

9. No longer for conversion,
But for conviction, I

To God address'd petitions,
And rais'd my mournful cry.
I read the word, heard preaching;
But all appear'd in vain;
The object I was seeking
I never should obtain.

10. One day, when far retir'd
Beneath a shady grove,
The place I well remember,
It was a place of love—
As prostrate I was lying,
Forsaken and forlorn,
And unto Jesus crying,
My soul was upward borne.

11. God's word address'd my conscience,
I did not hear a voice:
"I am the door to favor—
"Believe in me—rejoice,
"The way unto the Father,
"The truth and all that's good,
"Believe and be baptized,
"Behold the way to God!"

12. I now obtain'd repentance,
Was humbled to the ground;
Was thankful unto Jesus,
And pour'd the tears around.
How freely would I praise thee,
Thou blessed prince of peace;

But O! I'm too unworthy;
The work is all of grace!

13. All glory to my Saviour!
I give thee all my heart;
Lord, I am thine forever,
And thou my portion art,
My load of guilt was banish'd
My fear of hell was slain;
But O! I felt unholy,
And so I still remain.

14. The church appear'd like Eden,
All dress'd in vernal bloom;
And oft I thought of Jordan,
The Saviour's wat'ry tomb.
But I was too unworthy
With holy saints to join;
My heart was so polluted;
My prayers all mix'd with sin.

15. Thou ever blessed Saviour,
I often did exclaim,
If thou hast shewn me favor,
Be pleased to make it plain.
If I am unconverted,
My load of guilt revive;
Or if I am a christian,
The bless'd assurance give.

16. At length I follow'd Jesus—
Was laid beneath the stream;

United with his people,
Rejoicing in his name.
And, tho' I've many conflicts
To meet upon the road,
I try to do my duty,
And leave the rest to God.

72. *God's love wonderful.* P. M.

WHAT wondrous love is this,
O! my soul, O! my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
O! my soul;
What wondrous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul, for my soul;
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul.

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul, for my soul;
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news;

Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news;
Ye winged seraphs fly
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news;
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4. To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb
I will sing:
To God and to the Lamb,
And to the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

5. Come friends of Zion's king,
Join the praise, join the praise;
Come friends of Zion's king,
Join the praise.
Come friends of Zion's king,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise, in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

Thus, while from death we're free,
We'll sing on, we'll sing on;
Thus, while from death we're free,
We'll sing on.
Thus, while from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be;
And thro' eternity
We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
And thro' eternity
We'll sing on.

And when to that bright world
We arise, we arise;
And when to that bright world
We arise;
When to that world we go,
Free from all pain and woe,
We'll join the happy throng,
And sing on, and sing on;
We'll join the happy throng,
And sing on.

3. *Opposition of Man to the Gospel.* 5l. 8, 7s.

WHILE Angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings;
The saints on earth their Jesus sing,
And join to praise the King of Kings,
Who sav'd their souls from ruin.

But sinners fond of earthly toys,
Sometimes deride, while saints rejoice;

They shut their ears at Jesus' voice ;
They make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3. The preachers warn them night and day,
For them the christians weep and pray ;
But sinners laugh and turn away,
And join the wicked, vain and gay,
And throng the road to ruin.

4. Sometimes in visions of the night,
God doth their guilty souls affright ;
They tremble at the awful sight,
But often with the morning light,
Pursue the road to ruin.

5. Sometimes by preaching sinners see,
They're doom'd to hell and misery ;
To turn to God they then agree,
But O! 'tis wicked company
Entice them on to ruin.

6. Ofttimes when nothing else will do,
Affliction will his danger shew,
And bring the haughty sinner low—
Then he'll repent, and pray, and vow,
To quit the road to ruin.

7. When every way is tried in vain,
No more the spirit strives with man—
The blow is struck, the sinner is slain—
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, and fear, and pain,
He sinks—to endless ruin!

) sinners turn—long time you've stood,
)ppos'd to God, and all that's good;
ay down your arms, submit to God,
nd thus be sav'd thro' Jesus' blood,
From everlasting ruin.

I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind. 8l. 7, 6s.

1. WHEN first I found a pardon
Through rich and sovreign grace;
I thought my trials over,
My days would end in peace;
My heart would melt in tenderness
To talk of Jesus' love,
My soul was fill'd with raptures
To think of joys above.

2. When old experienc'd christians
Their conflicts told to me,
It filled me with amazement;
I thought it could not be.
A soul that was converted;
Would keep his heavenly flame—
I then believ'd sincerely
I never should complain.

3. But when those frames and feelings
Began to wear away,
It brought to my remembrance
What I'd heard others say;

I thought my trials greater
Than their's could ever be;
I found a dreadful warfare
Had taken place in me.

4. Those duties once so pleasing,
A task I often find!
And often am distress'd with
A light and wand'ring mind!
Instead of being perfect,
Alas! I find it true,
That sin is intermixed
With all I say or do.

5. Oft when I'm conversing
On things that are divine,
I find that pride is lurking
In this vile heart of mine;
I find the flesh is warring
Against God's holy laws—
The spirit still is striving
To vindicate his cause.

6. In my polluted nature,
There dwelleth no good thing,
Thou knowest Lord, my weakness,
O save my soul from sin!
"My grace is all sufficient,"
Did my dear Saviour say,
His strength is still made perfect,
Through weakness to this day.

By grace my soul is saved,
'Thro' faith in Jesus' blood;
No product of my weakness,
It is the gift of God;
'Tis not of works, lest I should boast,
But grace divinely free;
Salvation was procured,
And then bestow'd on me.

Cheer up, my Father's children,
And lean upon the Lord;
or he will still support you,
And keep you by his word;
His word is truth, then trust in him;
He is the sinner's friend;
For Jesus having lov'd his own,
He lov'd them to the end.

75. *Jesus the Good Shepherd.* 8l. 8s.

WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart!
lew beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart:
lis presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
Vhile my Shepherd his power controuls,
I think I no more shall complain.

But alas! what a change do I find,
Whene'er he withdraws from my sight!

My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night;
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3. By these changes I often pass thro',
I am taught my own weakness to know
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And what to his mercy I owe:
It is he that suports me thro' all—
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4. Then why should I murmur and grieve,
Since Jesus is always the same?
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name:
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffetted, tempted and slain,
And for my relief will appear,
Tho' left for a while to complain.

5. While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be a'ways in peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And shortly this warfare will cease;
Ere long he will bid me remove,
From this region of sorrow and pain,

o abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

The love of Christ constrains me. 8l. 7, 6s.

WHILE in this vale of sorrow
I travel on in pain;
My heart is fix'd on Jesus—
I feel him form'd within.
But when I come to bid adieu
To those I dearly love,
My heart is often melted,
It is the grief of love.

I am on my way to glory,
By faith I look above,
And view a smiling Jesus.
Which fills my soul with love.
'Tis this that so constrains me
Poor sinners to persuade;
I'm bound to do my duty,
Tho' they should not be sav'd.

While in my Master's vineyard
I toil, and travel on,
O pray for me, my brethren,
Until my work is done.
Tho' lands and rivers roll between,
We'll still in spirit meet,
And pray for Jesus coming,
And confidently wait.

4. Farewell, my loving brethren,
Until we meet again :
Perhaps in worlds of glory,
With Jesus Christ to reign :
Be faithful unto Christ your Lord,
And keep the prize in view,
That if I get to heaven,
I there may meet with you.

5. There, sickness, pain and sorrow
Will all be done away ;
And we shall meet each other,
To dwell in endless day :
There we shall meet with Jesus,
Our Saviour and our friend :
Farewell, my precious brethren,
Love Jesus to the end.

77. *Scriptural Baptism.* L. M.

1. WHEN Christ was risen from the dead,
He thus to his disciples said :
"Go teach the nations and baptise ;"
Then he ascends above the skies.

2. According to this plain command,
Teaching doth first in order stand ;
By which the Lord makes known his grac
And then baptism doth take place.

3. Th' Apostles understood their Lord,
And did according to his word ;

As by their practice you may see,
Then let us all with them agree.

With Peter's preaching we'll begin,
When thousands were convinc'd of sin;
Then what was right they would pursue,
And ask'd to know what they should do.

Then Peter spake to every one,
Who wish'd to know what should be done;
Repent, be baptis'd, said he;
To which they all did then agree.

The promise is to great and small,
Who are obedient to the call;
Forgiveness they shall all receive,
Who do in Jesus Christ believe.

With gladness they receiv'd the word,
And in obedience to the Lord,
They then were all baptis'd straightway—
Three thousand added the same day.

Samaritans the truth received,
And Philip's preaching they believ'd;
Then men and women were baptis'd;
No other way was then devis'd.

When taught, the Eunuch did believe—
Baptism then he would receive;
So down into the water went,
And was baptis'd with free consent.

10. The persecutor Saul, is next ;
Read and observe the sacred text,
Which tells you of his change by grace.
And how baptism then took place.

11. Peter, instructed by his Lord,
Went to Cornelius with his word ;
And he was bold as well as wise,
First to command, and then baptize.

12. Lydia, whose heart the Lord inclin'd
To hear his word and learn his mind,
Was then baptiz'd—her household too,
Who learn'd to know what they should

13. The jailor, he and his were taught,
By grace a change in them was wrought
Baptiz'd—believing they rejoice,
And praise the Lord with heart and voi

14. When Paul and Silas were set free,
From prison they did come to see
Their brethren whom they found alive,
In Lydia's house comforts revive.

15. One Crispus, with his house, believ'd,
And the Corinthians truth received ;
They then were all baptized too,
And so believers ought to do.

16. Baptism doth a burial shew,
Points out a resurrection too ;
We own the Saviour, who did die,
And rose again to justify.

We once were dead in sin, we know;
We hope that we have risen too;
Obedient now we wish to live;
All glory to the Lord we'll give,

Christians happy in the House of God. 8l. 9, 10s.

YE happy children who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise;
Who're join'd in union, while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend your days;
Though we are hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We ofttimes find on Canaan's road.

Though oft assaulted by sore temptations,
We'll keep our great High-Priest in view;
Our Jesus travell'd thro' tribulations,
And he will bring his people through.
Tho hell and all its frightful legions,
Oppose our way and round us roar,
Fear not, we'll gain those peaceful regions,
And shout on Canaan's happy shore.

While we have been waiting on loving Jesus,
We've felt some streams coming from above;
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture;
We long to be absolv'd in love.
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren, I'm going home.

4. On Zion's holy celestial mountain,
I hope again to meet you all ;
To bathe in love's eternal fountain,
And round the throne divine to fall :
Sweetly united to one another,
When to our Father's house we come ;
There's loving Jesus, our elder brother,
So, come my brethren, lets hasten home

5. But, as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those that spurn his grace,
That they may taste love's richest treasure
And live o see God's smiling face.
Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
In token of my christian love ;
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

79. *A request to the Children of Zion*, 8l. 12, 1

1. YE Children of Zion, who're bound to
kingdom,
Attune all your voices, and help me to s
Sweet anthems of praises to my blessed Jes
For he is my Prophet, my Priest and
King.
When Jesus first found me, to hell I
going ;
His love did surround me and save me fr
ruin ;
He kindly received me and from guilt relie
me,
And taught me aloud his high praises to si

Why should you go wand'ring from such a physician,
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure?
Come to him believing, tho' bad your condition,
His father has promis'd your case to insure.
My soul he has healed, my heart it rejoices,
He's brought me to Zion to join the glad voices;
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him,
Till we meet in glory where parting's no more.

My heart's now in heaven to Jesus ascended;
I'm bound to press on to the mark of the prize;
And when my temptations and trials are ended,
On wings of bright seraphs I hope to arise.
O! christians, I'm happy in this contemplation;
My soul is refresh'd by the streams of Salvation;
I long to be flying, that I may be vieing
With saints, and with angels who shout in the skies.

Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's before you;
Ascend the bright mountain still shouting free grace;

On Salem's strong tower we'll sing hallelu
Reviv'd and delighted by Jesus' face.
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping no mo
ing,
To those who there enter there is no return
But loving, and feasting, and praising,
shouting,
All glory to Jesus the source of free gra

5. My soul full of glory, can't stay here m
longer ;
The angels attending now call me away
My spirit, in Jesus, grows stronger & stron
O! how it exults to behold the bright da
O! christians! O! christians! O! had you
rather
Be shouting in glory with Jesus your Savi
Where clouds, and temptations, and sins,
vexations,
Are all lost forever in one endless day?

6. This moment the angels are hov'ring aro
us,
And joining with mortals to praise Zi
King,
And waiting for Jesus to call us and crown
To make heav'ns arches with praises to ri
Come, fathers, come, mothers, let's all go
gether ;
The wife and the husband, the sister and b
ther,

nd rise to the ocean of love with emotion
Of praise unto Jesus forever to sing.

The Christians travelling to Heaven. 8l. 7,6s.

. Ye travellers to Paradise,
That holy, happy place,
Who love the blessed Jesus,
And daily seek his grace,
Your highway lies before you,
And upward doth ascend,
And loads you on to glory,
To see your dearest friend.

. A friend that's nearer to you
Than any brother here;
Your Lord and only Saviour,
Your great Redeemer dear;
Who seal'd our pardon on the cross,
And so removed the curse,
And then ascended up on high,
To intercede for us.

. Exalted there at God's right hand,
The loving Lamb doth sit,
And shews his wounded body,
His head, his hands his feet.
He pleads his matchless merit,
Before his father's throne,
And sends us down his spirit
To lead us to a crown.

4. A crown of life—of endless life,
The gracious gift of God;
Immonsely rich the treasure!
It cost the Saviour's blood.
Your claim is well secured;
The law has got its due;
Your Jesus slain, now lives again,
And intercedes for you.

5. Do not grow faint and weary,
As many seem to do;
But finish well your journey,
And seize the prize in view;
Tho' on a state of trial,
The conflict soon will end,
And you'll ascend to glory,
To see your dearest friend.

6. Not transiently to visit,
And then to earth remove;
But dwell forever with him,
And ever feel his love.
There sin shall cease to trouble you;
Temptations shall be o'er,
O! brethren, keep a closer walk,
And love your Jesus more.

81. *Experience. L. M.*

1. YE brethren who profess the Lord,
I pray draw near and hear a word;
Lift up your eyes, behold and see
What a good God has done for me.

2. I being lost and in distress,
Nor day, nor night could take no rest;
But, after long extremity,
The Lord reveal'd his love to me.

3. It was for me that he did die—
O! precious Saviour I did cry!
My soul rejoic'd—my sins did die,
When I the blessed Saviour 'spied.

4. It was by faith that I did see
My Jesus hanging on the tree;
The cruel spear—it pierc'd his side!
And thus my Lord was crucified.

5. My heart, that was so dreadful hard,
Was melted down in love to God;
My soul was humbled to the ground,
When I the blessed Jesus found.

6. Then on my bended knees did fall—
O! Jesus! he was all in all;
Yea, where to go I did not know;
For I did love my Jesus so.

7. And now my friends who love the Lord,
I pray live nearer to his word,
And don't you hurt that wounded side,
Of my dear Jesus crucified.

82. *Praise to God.* 8l. 8s.

MY God my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,

Aloud with songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout forever more,
On that eternal happy shore.

2. O hope of Glory, Jesus come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise;
Incessantly I want to pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
And to give thanks in every thing,
And sing and shout and shout and sing.

3. No more let my ungrateful heart,
One moment from thy praise depart;
Let the past follies of my days,
Suffice to walk in sinful ways:
These fleeting hours will soon be o'er,
Eternity is at the door;
Awake my drowsy soul arise.
To meet my Saviour in the skies.

4. When on my dying bed I lie.
Lord give me strength to sing and pray
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death.
Then brothers, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,

And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love:
Until that great tremendous day.
When he shall raise our sleeping clay;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death where is thy sting,
O grave, where is thy victory,
We'll shout through all eternity.

Our race is run, we've won the prize.
"Well done," the sov'reign of the skies;
Will smiling to his children say,
"Come reign with me in endless day;"
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll shout our trial's are all o'er;
We'll sing and shout and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

Farewell vain world thou'rt not my rest,
My soul enjoys an heavenly feast;
No more shall thy deceiving charms,
Thrust my dear Saviour from my arms.
There shall we sing in sweet accord,
And be forever with the Lord,
Let earth and Heaven now pass away,
Jesus is mine to endless day.

83. *Christian Experience.* 8l 7,6s.

1. MIXTURES of joy and sorrow,
I daily do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in a valley,
And sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted—
On eagles' wings I fly—
I rise above my troubles,
And hope to reach the sky.

2. Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face;
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think I'll throw it by;
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were call'd to die.

3. Sometimes I shun the Christian,
Lest he should talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbor
I long the most to see;
Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing—
With joy it fills my soul.

4. Sometimes I am oppressed,
By Pharoah's cruel hand;

Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promis'd land;
Sometimes I am in darkness;
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is winged—
Upwards speeds its flight.

Sometimes I travel, mourning,
Down Babel's ancient stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears my only theme;
Sometimes when I am praying,
It seems almost a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
When'er therein I look;
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home;
Sometimes I find my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I come.

Lord, why am I thus tossed—
Thus tossed to and fro?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Where'er I'm call'd to go?
O Lord, thou never changest,
And 'tis because I stray;

O! grant me thine assistance,
And keep me in thy way.

8. O! may thy counsels guide me,
And keep me while I live;
In death be thou my portion,
And then my soul receive,
To praise my blessed Saviour,
And magnify his grace,
Bestow'd on such a sinner—
The chief of all the race.

9. There, with the holy angels
That stand around the throne,
And saints of every nation,
Our voices join'd in one,
We'll sound aloud the praises
Of our Redeemer God,
Who sav'd us by his sorrows,
And wash'd us in his blood.

84. *Christ the Apple tree.* L. M.

1. THE tree of life my soul hath seen
Laden with fruit, and always green,
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compared with Christ, the apple tree.

2. This beauty doth all things excel;
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought;
I miss'd for all, but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm wearied with my former toil;
Here I shall sit and rest, awhile;
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ, the apple tree,

With great delight I'll make my stay;
There's none shall fright my soul away,
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ the apple tree.

I'll sit and eat this fruit divine;
It cheers my heart like spiritual wine;
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the apple tree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive;
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

85. *The Farewell.* 6l. 8s.

FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord;
The gospel sounds a jubilee;
My stammering tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea.
And, as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2. Farewell, in bonds and union dear;
Like strings you twine about my heart:
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we meet no more to part—
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3. Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Tho' all so kind and dear to me,
My Jesus calls and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee—
To sound the joys and bear the news
To gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4. Farewell young people, one and all:
While God shall grant me breath to brea
I'll pray to the ETERNAL ALL,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepared may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

5. Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below;
The path is strait my feet shall run,
And God will help me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6. Farewell, farewell! I look above;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call—
My joys, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heavenly all,

Iy theme to preach, my song to sing,
Iy only joy till death—AMEN.

86. *The Saviour's merit.* 8l. 8, 7s.

. SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest with thee my God.
I am safe and I am happy
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2. Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the sky;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the father give;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live.

3. Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth;
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er on him believeth
He will never cast behind.

4. Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Christ of heavenly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the earth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the spirit be;
Glory, glory, glory, glory
To the sacred One in Three.

5. Now our advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God,
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now methinks, I hear him praying
Father, save them I have died;
And the Father answers, saying
They are freely justified.

6. Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God;
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who loved and washed us in his blo
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of host;
Holy, holy, holy, holy!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

7. Soon we hope to sing, most sweetly,
At the marriage of the Lamb,
When his bride is dress'd completely
Fit to celebrate the same.

O! what shouts shall then be ringing,
Round the throne of God most high,
And what sweet melodious singing
Then shall echo through the sky.

Glory, honor and thanksgiving
Be unto the Lord, our King;
O! let every creature living
The Redeemer's praises sing.
Allelujah! Allelujah!
Now the Lord Jehovah reigns;
Allelujah! Allelujah!
Sing his praise in highest strains.

Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed,
Blessed be the God of heaven;
Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed!
Who has all our sins forgiven;
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Praised be his holy name;
Praised, praised, praised, praised,
Now and evermore. AMEN.

87. *The weary Traveller, &c.* 8l. 7, 6s.

COME all ye weary travellers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus, our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome 'tis true,

But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

8. At first when Jesus found us,
He called us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and satan
Would prove a fatal snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

9. But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness;
Where we might have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4. The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5. With faith, and hope, and patience
We're made for to rejoice,

d Jesus and his people
Forever are our choice.
grace and consolation
We are now going on
e pleasing way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

nners why stand you idle,
While we do march along?
s conscience never told you,
That you're going wrong?
own the broad road to darkness,
To bear an endless curse?
rsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.

ut if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell;
e're on the road to Canaan,
And you the road to hell.
e're sorry for to leave you;
We'd rather you would go;
ome try a bleeding Saviour,
And see the waters flow.

ow to the KING IMMORTAL
Be everlasting praise;
r in his holy service
We long to spend our days.
ll we arrive at Canaan,
The celestial world above,

With everlasting wonder
To praise redeeming love.

88. *Christ's invitation to his Spouse.* 41. 10, 8

1. ARISE my dear love, my undefil'd do
I hear my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past, the spring is come:
My love, my dove come away.

2. The earth that is green, is fair to be s
The little birds, chirping, do say
That they do rejoice in each other's voi
My love, my dove come away.

3. All smiling in love, the young turtle d
The flowers appearing in May,
All speak forth the praise of the Anci
day:
My love, my dove, come away.

4. Come away from all cares, those troubl
snares
That follow you night and by day;
That you may be free from the trouble
be,
My love, my dove, come away.

5. Come away from all fear, that trouble
here,
Come into my arms, he doth say;

you may be clear from the troubles you
fear,
y love, my dove, come away.

ie away from all pride, from that raging
tide
hat makes you fall out by the way,
e learn to be meek, and your Jesus to
seek;
y love, my dove, come away.

to you that are old, and whose hearts are
grown cold,
our Jesus, inviting, doth say
t he's heard your cries in the north coun-
tries;
y love, my dove, come away.

to you that are young, your hearts they are
strong,
our Jesus invites you away
n Antichrist's charms, to your Jesus' kind
arms;
ly love, my dove come away.

to the youth that have known the truth,
Vhose hearts they have led you astray,
ie hear to his voice, and your hearts shall
rejoice;
ly love, my dove, come away.

'y dear children all, come hear to my call,
Behold I stand knocking and say,

My head's wet with dew, my childre
you ;
My love, my dove, come away.

11. My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'
My maidens, attending, doth say,
There's wine on the lees, as much as you pl
My love, my dove, come away.

12. Come travel the road that leads you to
For it is a bright shining way ;
Come run up and down my errands upo
My love, my dove, come away.

89. *The Christian's warrant.* 10. 11s.

1. Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affrigh
Tho' friends all should fail, and foes all u
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betid
The promise assures as the Lord will pro

2. The birds, without barn or store house, arc
From them let us learn to trust in our he
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de
So long as it's written the Lord will pro

3. We all may, like ships, by tempest be to
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provi

4. His call we'll obey, like Abraham of old
We know not the way, but faith mak
bold ;

tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
d trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide

hen Satan appears to stop up the path,
d fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith;
cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried
e heart-cheering promise the Lord will provide.

e tells us we're weak our hope is in vain,
e good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain,
t when such suggestions our graces have tried,
is answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

o strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
r trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;
this, our strong tower for safety we hide;
e Lord is our power—the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
he word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
or fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
e hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide.

90. *The Complainer reformed.* Cl. 8, 6.

1. I SET myself against the Lord,
Despised his spirit and his word,
And wished to take his place.
It vexed me sore that I must die,
And perish, too, eternally,
Or else be saved by grace.

2. Of every preacher I'd complain:
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain
Another's learning small;
This spoke too fast and that too slow;
One prayed too loud, and one too low;
The others had no call.

3. With no professors could I join;
Some dres-'d too mean, and some too fi
And some did talk too long;
Some had a tone; some had no gift;
Some talk so weak, and some so swift;
That all of them were wrong.

4. I thought they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5. Kindred and neighbours all were bad,
And no true friend for to be had;

My rulers, too, were vile.
At length I was brought for to see
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
Being conscious, too, I was to blame,
Did wound my frighted soul.
I've sinned so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole!

But there is a balm in Gilliad,
And a physician to be had;
A balm, too, most free.
Only believe in God's dear son;
Thro' him the victory is won—
Christ Jesus died for me.

For Christ's free love's a boundless sea;
What! to expire for such as me!
Yes: 'tis a truth divine.
My heart did melt, my soul o'er run
With love to see what God hath done
For souls as mean as mine.

Now I can here a child proclaim
The joyful news and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ, my King.
I know no sect—Christians are one;

With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

10. Glory to him who gave his Son
To die for crimes which we had done,
And made salvation mine.
For, as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
So without money we are bought—
O! blessed truth divine.

11. Come saints, rejoice in Christ your King
His solemn praises sweetly sing,
And tell the world his love;
Sinners invite for to receive
Of God's free grace, and not to grieve
The holy, sacred dove.

12. All those who do an interest gain
In the blessed Lamb that once was slain
Will surely happy be.
Their loud hosannah they shall raise,
A monument of God's high praise,
To all eternity.

91. *Admonitions to Christian duties.* L. M. 7s

1. CHRISTIANS, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe and be baptised.

2. Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;

Christians prove your love to him ;
Never fear the frozen stream.

Never shun the Saviour's cross ;
All on earth is worthless dross,
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

. Fire is good to warm the soul ;
Water purifies the soul ;
Fire and water both agree ;
Winter soldiers never flee.

. Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere,
When the storms prevent your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

). Read his sacred word by day ;
Ever watching, always pray,
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

92. *The Christians encouraged.* 8l. 8s.

1 CHEER up our brethren and rejoice,
Methinks I hear our Saveiur's voice ;
I come, I come my saints he cries,
For to destroy your enemies ;
And shew my power and grace in thee,
And with my truth will make you free,
And you shall triumph in my name,
And ever with me shall remain.

2. Don't mind reproach or infamy,
Nor persecutions which doth try
Your feeble souls; but look above,
And beg of God his grace and love;
For we shall shortly reach the shore,
Where persecutions are no more,
And in Christ's kingdom shall enjoy,
God's perfect peace with sweet employ.

3. Then O! my brethren let us run
The heavenly race we have begun;
Live in obedience to the Lord,
And we shall share the sure reward
Of peace and joy, in Christ, the way
That leadeth to eternal day;
Where we through hope shall reach to sing,
Our victory gained through Christ our king.

4. There we shall see as we are seen,
And ever live with Christ to reign;
And know of God as we are known,
No more to grieve, or sigh, or mourn;
But with transporting love shall view,
Amazing scene that's ever new,
And walk the golden streets above,
That's paved with joy, and peace, and love.

5. And Christ the Lamb shall be the light,
To luminate that city bright;
And make it shine transparent clear,
And fill the citizens with cheer.

Where fruits in plenty every kind,
And wine on lees that's well refined,
Where music sweet doth echo round,
And all the choir with love is crowned.

93. *But it is good for me to draw near to God.*
PSALM CXXIII, 28 v. 8l. 8, 6s.

1. As when a child secure of harm,
Hangs at the mother's breast,
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest;
And while through many a painful path,
The travelling parent speeds;
The fearless babe with passive faith,
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

2. Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms around her neck,
And seem to closer cling.
Poor child maternal love alone,
Preserves thee first and last;
Thy parent's arms are not thy own,
Are those that hold thee fast.

3. So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear his secret call;
Must every fair pretention leave,
And let the Lord be all.
Keep close to me thou helpless sheep,
The shephered softly cries;

Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep,
The list'ning sheep replies.

4. Thy whole dependence on me fix,
Nor entertain a thought,
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.
Fond self direction is a shelf.
Thy strength, thy wisdom flee;
When thou art nothing on thyself,
Thou then art close to me.

94. *Exercises of Believers.* 61.
P. M. Wesley's Collection.

1 O! HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above;
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When this favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,

And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore,
Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh! that more his salvation might see;
He hath lov'd me I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
On the wings of his love
I was carried above,
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
Then I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.
O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life giving blood
Of the Saviour posses'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd in the goodness of God!

PAUSE.

Now my remnant of days
Would I spend in his praise,

Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few
All my days are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

9. What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to d

10. Lo! the day's drawing nigh,
When my soul thou shalt fly
To the place thy salvation began.
Where the Three and the One,
Father, Spirit, and Son,
Laid the scheme of redemption for man.

95. *Hope of a Revival.* Cl. 8, 7, 4. P——

1. Come, dear brethren in the Saviour,
Though we're few let's not despair;
Jesus able is to favor;
Fly to him with every care:
He is able, he is able
Sion's drooping head to rear,

2. If but two or three remaining,
Meet for pray'r, he's in the midst;
Let us then without complaining,
Wait 'till he shall us increase:

He is able, &c.
Soon he'll make our sorrows cease.

By him stars and spheres were framed,
Light and darkness Jesus made;
From their graves the dead he raised;
Shall not his redeemed be sav'd?
He is able, &c.
To bestow what we have crav'd.

Well, my friends, as Christ is able,
Of his will we cannot doubt,
Since for all the Father gave him
Full salvation he wrought out;
Sure he never, sure he never
Spilt his precious blood for naught.

Let us love, adore, and praise him,
As the Lord, our righteousness;
Own him in our whole behaviour,
Singing, "We are sav'd by grace:
Till in heaven, &c.
He shall give us all a place.

Now let's sweetly join in concert,
To adore the sacred Three;
God who made, Christ who saved us,
And the Spirit praised be:
By the ransom'd, &c.
Through a blest eternity.

96. *Slow Traveller.* 54.
8, 6, 4, 4, 6. MS. altered.

1. O, HAPPY souls, how fast you go,
And leave me here behind:
Don't stop for me,
For now I see
The Lord is just and kind.

2. Go on, go on, my soul says go;
And I'll come after you:
Though I'm behind,
Yet I can find,
And sing hosannas too.

3. May you have strength, that you may
And keep your footsteps right;
Though fast you go,
And I so slow,
You are not out of sight.

4. When you arrive in worlds above,
And all their glories see;
When you get home,
Your journey's done;
Then look ye out for me.

5. For I will run fast as I can,
Along the way I'll steer,
Through Christ my strength;
I shall at length
Be one among you there.

There altogether we shall meet;
Together we shall sing;
A countless throng,
To swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

97. *Hope in Trouble.*
8, 8, 11, 8. MS. altered.

WHEN sorrows encompass me round,
And many distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cry can a mortal be found
Surrounded with troubles like me.

Few seasons of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If e'er a few moments in praise I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.

O! when will my sorrows subside?
O! when will my sufferings cease?
O! when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd
In the mansions of glory and bliss?

May I be prepar'd for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove;
That I may in raptures, go shouting away,
To the arms of my heavenly love.

My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground;
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed;
Let all join in praises around.

6. No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home ;
With singing and shouting let brethren
He's gone from the evil to come.

7. If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
My spirit shall join you, as shouting yo
And leave all my cares in the grave.

8. Immersed in the ocean of love,
My soul like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout
above
And make all creation to ring.

9. Our bodies, in dust shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise ;
Then, chang'd in a moment, go shouting
To mansions of love in the skies.

98. *The Lord's Garden.* 6l, 8, 6s.

1. THE LORD into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
That flows from Christ the living vine,
And makes the dead revive.

2. O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of waters may be found,
A fruitful soil become.

'he desert blossoms as the rose,
Vhen Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

'he glorious time is rolling on,
'he glorious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :
taste and see the pardon's free,
'or all mankind as well as me,
Who comes to Christ may live.

'he worst of sinners here may find,
Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will all them receive ?
Tone are too late who will repent,
'ut of one sinner legions went ;
The Lord did him relieve.

'ome brethren, you that love the Lord,
Vho taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on :
'ur trials and our trouble here
Vill only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

Ve feel that Heaven is now begun,
t issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
t comes like floods we can't contain,
Ve drink and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7. But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8. 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim my mansion sure;
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

99. *The impartial song.*—GAL. iii. 28
11, 9. MS. altered.

1. THE great God of love, now hath shi
from above,
And hath taught us the impartial song;
The spirit is come, and the work is begun,
And we all are united in one.

2. Salvation, we see, for all nations is free,
And the members of Christ are all one:

'e'll march uniform never fearing the storm,
Ever singing the impartial song.

'hus joined in one, the good race we will run,
Pressing onward in faith, without fear;
ich objects pursue, as the world never knew—
Never will till the gospel they hear.

'he spirit of God now hath taught us the road,
And the comforter leads us along;
h'.book is unseal'd, Judáh's lion takes the field,
And inspires with the impartial song.

We'll mount on the wing, and with ardor will sing
Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb;
Vith rapture we'll sound, over Immanuel's ground,
What a precious Redeemer hath done.

That absolute grace, which assign'd us a place
In the Saviour, ere time had begun,
Vill hold us all fast, and present us at last,
Without blemish, to God and the Lamb.

O! glorious days! when in raptures of praise,
Join'd with seraphs in mansions above,

Free grace we shall sound, through eterni
round,
And our union still heighten in love.

8. Then let us be true, and our journey pu
Toward heaven, our glorious home :
Still rul'd by the word Christ has left on
cord,
Singing glory to Jesus, AMEN.

100. *The converted Youth.* 61.
8, 8. 6. MS.

1. WHILE I am bless'd with youthful pri
I will adore the sacred Lamb
That bled and died for me.
Since God inspires my heart with grac
And lets me see his smiling face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2. I'll leave this world, with all its toys,
Pursue those far superior joys
That do in Jesus dwell.
As Jesus is my God and King,
Immortal triumph I will sing,
O'er all the powers of hell.

3. A frowning world I will defy,
And all their flattering charms deny,
Since Jesus is my friend.
Not long have I the storm to stand
In this ensnaring, barren land ;
My conflict soon will end.

Jesus, my friend, my cause will plead,
Conduct my steps, supply my need,
And never let me fall.
Jesus will all my foes destroy,
Will be my life, my strength, my joy—
Jesus is all in all.

With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
Sounding abroad his worthy praise;
I'll tell the world his love;
And when I quit this mortal stage,
I shall in sacred strains engage,
Among the saints above.

Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
On that immortal shore.
Jesus, my love, shall be my joy;
His praise shall be my sweet employ,
In heaven forevermore.

101. *The mercy of God.*

11s. S.

THY Mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace, alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;

But thro' thy sweet goodness my spirits revi
And he that first made me, still keeps
alive.

3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my hea
Which wonders to feel its own hardness c
part;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the groun
And weep to the praise of the mercy I foun

4. The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy who knock by t
way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5. Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tel
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on t
tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6. Great Father of Mercies, thy goodness I ow
And the covenant love of thy crucifi'd son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divin
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousne
mine.

102. *Everlasting Love and electing Grace.*
6l. 5, 5, 11. Toplady.

1. HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,

And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mov'd.

'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

Our seeking thy face,
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise:
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
Whom once he receives
His spirit ne'er leaves
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

This proof we would give,
That thee we receive,
Thou art *precious* alone to the souls that *believe:*
Be precious to us!
All beside is as dross,

Compar'd with thy love and the blood of t
cross.

PART THE SECOND.

6. Yet, one thing we want,
More *holiness* grant!
For more of thy mind, and image we pant,
Thine image impress
On thy favorite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

7. Thy workmanship we
More fully would be;
Lord, stretch out thy hand and conform us
thee;
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

8. Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd;
Salvation to *Jesus* through heaven shall r
sound.

103. *The godly consideration of the election i
Christ comfortable.*

6l 8, 7, 4. Rippon's Selections.

1. SONS we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;

By eternal destination,
  Sovereign grace we here receive :
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

Every fallen soul by sinning,
  Merits everlasting pain ;
But thy love, without beginning,
  Has restor'd thy sons again ;
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
  Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
  Of the Saviour's family :
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

Since that love had no beginning,
  And shall never never cease,
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
  Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

When I quit this feeble mansion,
  And my soul returns to thee,
Let the power of thy ascension
  Manifest itself in me :
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

6. When the angel sounds the trumpet,
When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

7. When in that bless'd habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordained;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
FREE GRACE only
Shall resound through Canaan's land.

104. *Finished Redemption.*
6l. 8, 7, 4. F———

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2. It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
  Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

[Happy souls, approach the table,
  Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
  As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
  Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
  Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

105. *Christ's Atonement.*

6l, 8, 8, 6 Chatham tune.—Toplady.

O, THOU, who didst thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
  From nature's deadly fall,
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me near shall rise,
  For thou hast borne them all.

And wast thou punished in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
  To expiate my stain?

On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of Man.

3. Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold the incarnate King of heaven
For us his foes expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His father's righteous ire.

4. Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:
Praise till, with all the ransom'd throng
Ye sing the never ending song,
And see him on his throne.

106. *Gratitude for the Atonement.*

8l. 8, 7. L. H. C.

1. HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:

By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

107. *Free Salvation.*—2 Tim. i. 9.
8, 7, 4; Rippon's selection.

JESUS is our great salvation;
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has sav'd his favorite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him:

He has saved us;
Christ alone could us redeem.

2. When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound;
He hath call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3. Save us from a mere profession,
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us Lord the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:
Best of favors,
None compar'd with this can be.

4. Let us never, Lord, forget thee!
Make us walk as pilgrims here;
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near;
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5. Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine.
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord is thine.

108. *Distinguishing Grace.*—Jer. xxxi. 3.
11. 8. Calne tune. K———.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims of Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
For rich and distinguishing grace.

His love from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

O! had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have liv'd, would have died, too in sin,
And sunk with the lead of your guilt.

What was in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father, you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which, by nature, we choose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.

6. Then give all the glory to his holy name;
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

109. *Exceeding great and precious promises.*

11s. Broughton tune. K——.

1. HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2. In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

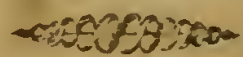
3. "Fear not, I am with thee. O! be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and gold to refine.

6. "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7. "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake.*"



110. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

8, 7, 4. Lewes tune. Robinson.

1. MIGHTY GOD, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art all thy people's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

2. Lord, of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal Days!

Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
Hallelujah, &c.

3. For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrough
Hallelujah, &c.

4. For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

5. But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark, through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, &c.

6. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c.

7. Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cever me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow my praise, forever flow.
Hallelujah, &c.

Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c.

11. *Fountain opened for sinners* —Zach. xiii. 1.
8l. 5, 6s. As the 104th. Hart.

THE fountain of Christ,
Lord help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

This fountain, so dear,
He'll freely impart;
When pierced by the spear
It flow'd from his heart;
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3. This fountain from guilt,
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt, removed,
Return and remain,
Its power may be prov'd
Again and again.

4. This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd.
The great and the small.
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5. This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come needy and guilty;
Come loathsome and bare,
Tho' leprous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6. This fountain in vain
Has never been tried;
It takes out all stain
Whenever applied.

The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

2. *Passover.*—Exod. xii. 7.—I Cor. v. 7, 8.
7, 6, 8. Clark's tune.—C. Wesley.

CHRIST, our passover, is slain,
To set his people free,
Free from sins Egyptian chain,
And Pharoah's tyranny.
Lord, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil,
Let his pestilential sword
The first born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Knowest thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?

See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

113. *All in all; or, the testimony concernin sus, the soul of Prophecy.*—Rev xix. 1
8l. 8s. New Jerusalem tune.—K——

1. THE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'
And brought to Jehovah's right han
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books does outshine,
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2. In every prophetical book,
Where God his decress hath unseal'
With joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd;
His glories project to the eye,
And prove it was not his design,
Those glories concealed should lie,
But there his full majesty shine.

3. The first gracious promise to man,
A blessed prediction appears,
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.
How cheering the truth must have been
That Jesus, the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead!

e ancient Levitical Law,
Was prophecy after its kind,
types there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind.
e Altar, the Lamb and the Priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old.
d life when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.

eview each prophetical song,
Which shines in predictions rich train,
e sweetness to Jesus belong,
And point out his sufferings and reign:
re David his harp never strung
With more of true sacred delight,
an when of the Saviour he sung,
And he was reveal'd to his sight.

lay Jesus more precious become—
His word be a lamp to our feet,
bile we in this wilderness roam,
'Till brought in his presence to meet!
en will we gaze on thy face,
Our prophet, our priest and our King,
count all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

14. *The word more precious than Gold.*
Ps. 8, 7. Newton.

RECIOUS BIBLE! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!

All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sw
Let the world account me poor,
Having thus I need no more.

2. Food to which the world's a strange
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3. When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find.
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4. In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the scripture truths are su
From his malice I'm secure.

5. Vain his threats to overcome me.
When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the bl

ll I envy then the miser,
oating on his golden store?
I am, or should be wiser,
am rich. 'tis he is poor;
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

15. *Comfort for mourners.* 8l. 8, 7s.

)R mourning souls in deep distress,
waken'd from a slumber;
l yourselves dead in wickedness,
of the condemn'd number;
thunder bolts from Sinai's mount,
sound as loud as terror;
re found not in God's account,
doom'd in grief and sorrow.

woe is me that I was born,
after death a being;
would I be an earthly worm,
t hath no further being;
ad I died when I was young,
hat would I have given;
n might with babes my little tongue,
praising God in Heaven.

now may I lament my case,
worn away with trouble;
m day to day, looking for peace,
find my sorrows double.

Both sad and fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you find it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4. How can I live, how can I die,
Under a worse temptation,
I conclude the day is past,
Lord hear my lamentation;
For I am weary of my life,
My groans and other crying;
My wants are great, my mind is strif
My spirit almost dying.

5. Cry out and shout with inmost mind,
Glory to God forever,
That gave you eyes to see you're blin
Your wants for to discover;
Since eyes you have your wants to see,
From head to foot you're needy,
Your wants alas! your wants to see,
Your wants cries Jesus speedy.

6. Without relief I'm sure to die,
No hope of getting better,
Show pity Lord, and hear the cry
Of thy distress'd creature;
Lord I'm resolv'd here to trust,
At thy footstool for favor;
Pleading for life, whose death is just,
May I behold my Savior.

ame to seek, I came to save,
ame to make preparation ;
iv'd, I died. I lay in the grave,
purchase your salvation ;
faith my gracious Lord I see,
how it doth delight me,
see him bleeding on the tree,
om death it was to save me.

who is she that looketh forth,
ight as the blooming morning ;
ir as the moon, clear as the sun,
sus is so adorning ;
sus has clothed my naked soul,
sus for me has died ;
d now I can in pleasure sing,
y wants are well suppli'd.

ord give me grace to spend my days,
living to thy honour,
d not be found in sinful ways,
y name for to dishonor ;
t let my praises ever be,
ory to God forever,
d glory to the Trinity,
l glory to my Saviour.

116. *Faith fainting.*

8l. 8s. Lambeth tune.—Rip. Selec.

NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,

I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load,
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2. Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groaning that cannot be told.

3. If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4. Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;

Come succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

117. *Faith conquering.*

8l. 8s. New Jerusalem tune. Rip. selec.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God.
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands, and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, through Christ, can oppose,
Led forth by the spirit to fight.

The faith that embraces the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name:
The work of God's spirit it is;
A principle active and young,
That lives under pressure and load.
That makes even the weak to be strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And O, let us wonder to tell,
It reaches to heaven in prayer—
Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

4. It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinners on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

118. *Hoping and Longing.*—Num. xiii. 30
Deut. iii. 25.

6l. 8, 8, 6s. Baltimore tune.

1. COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the world of life,
And feel thy sprinkled blood.

2. Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.

3. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,

And all the fruits of paradise
  In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
  With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
  And everlasting rest.

O, when shall we at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
  But the good land possess:
When shall we end our ling'ring years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
  And howling wilderness!

O, dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
  Our unbelief remove:
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,
And, O, with all the sanctify'd,
  Give us a lot of love!

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19. *Rejoicing in hope.*—Isaiah xxxv. 10.—Luke xii. 32.

17s. Cennick.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

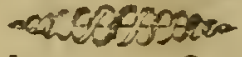
2. Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!



120. *Lovest thou me?*—John xxi. 16.

7s. Cookham tune.—Newton.

1. 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

[Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?]

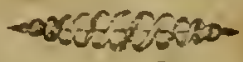
If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

[Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?]

Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.



121. *Supreme love to Christ.*
8l. 8s. New-Jerusalem tune.—B. Francis.

1. MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2. He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3. In Mesheck, as yet, I reside,
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,

For mansions celestial, and range
  Through realms of ineffable day!

My glorious Redeemer! I long
  To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
  And mix with the triumphing crowd:
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
  To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
  And feast on thy ravishing love?

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
  Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again;
  Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
  In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
  Where God his full beauty displays.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
  Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
  And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
  Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
  My God, my Redeemer is mine.

122. *Trust and Confidence; or, looking beyond present Appearances.*—Hab. iii. 17. 18.

L. M. Bowden tune.—Rip. Selec.

1. AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear no more in me take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2. Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3. Away, each unbelieving fear,
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face;
Though now my prospects all be crost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4. In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;

His gracious word shall bear me up,
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

3. *I will trust and not be afraid.*—Isaiah xii. 2.
8l. 104th. Sussex tune.—Newton.

1. BEGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide.
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Will surely prevail.

3. His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.

Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4. Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

5. Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

6. How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine!
Did Christ my Lord, suffer,
And shall I repine?

Since all that I meet
  Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
  The med'cine is food;
Though painful at present,
  'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
  The conqueror's song!

124. *The Spiritual Pilgrim.*
6l. 8, 6. Chatham tune.—J. C. W.

OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
ow free from anxious care and tho't,
From worldly hope and fear!
onfined to neither court nor cell,
lis soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

lis happiness in part is mine,
lready sav'd from self design,
From every creature love!
lless'd with the scorn of finite good,
ly soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4. Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

5. There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

6. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

125. *The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.*
6l. 6, 8s. 148. Toplady's Collec.

1. JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to Heaven with thee and thine.

2. Thou art my pilot wise,
My compass is thy word;

My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
rust thy faithfulness and power,
) save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
y anchor hope shall firm abide,
ıd I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
, may I reach the heavenly shore,
'here winds and waves distress no more

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
or more the treacherous calm I dread,
'han tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place!
'hen, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

126. *Tempted—but flying to Christ the Re*
8l. 7s. Hotham tune.—Rip. Selec.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;

Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Backsliding and Returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

8l. 7, 6, 8s. Clark's tune.—Rip. Selec.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back the wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;

Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4. Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father, (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'tis do
O! my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

128. *Cast down, yet hoping in God.*
Psalm xlii. 5.
6l. 8, 7, 4. Fawcett.

1. O, MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grjefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restlesss fears begone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
esus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
Ie is faithful
'o perform his gracious word.

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road.
Iis right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
'herefore praise him,
'raise the great Redeemer's name.

O, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Vho forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Iappy songsters!
Vhen shall I your chorus join?

129. *Before Sermon.*

6l. 8s. 112th. Uffculm tune.—Fawcett.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word,
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above,
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfi'd with living bread:
Thus, Lord, &c.

3. To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Thus, Lord, &c.

4. Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day:
Thus, Lord, &c.

130. *At Dismission.*

Cl. 1, 7, 4. Helmsley tune.—Rip. Selec.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;

May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

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1. *Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.*—Isaiah xxxiii, 20, 21.

8l. 8, 7. Carlisle tune.—Rip. Selec.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion—city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

[See! the streams of living waters
Springing from the eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove,
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
Never sails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
  See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
  Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
  Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
  Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
  Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood?
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
  Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
  Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
  Each for a thank-offering brings.

5. Saviour, if of Zion's city
  I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
  I will glory in the name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
  All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure
  None but Zion's children know.

132. *Prayer for a Revival.*
8, 7, 4. Altered by Rayland, jun'r.

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
  Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;

ll will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
est, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die :
Lord, revive us, &c.

urely, once thy garden flourish'd ;
Every part look'd gay and green ;
hen thy word our spirits nourish'd ;
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, revive us, &c.

ut a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
ord, thy help is greatly needed ;
Help can only come from thee :
Lord, revive us, &c.

Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
d professors, tall as Cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Lord, revive us, &c.

ome, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;

Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show :
Lord, revive us, &c.

7. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood ;
But they cause us grief at present—
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Lord, revive us, &c.

8. Dearest Saviour! hasten hither ;
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain :
Lord, revive us, &c.

9. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares :
Lord, revive us, &c.

10. Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh :
Lord, revive us, &c.

133. *Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*
8, 7, 4. Kentucky tune.—Rip. Selec.

1. O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,

All the promises do travail
  With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dorn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
  Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
  Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,—
  Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
From the eastern coast to western,
  May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
  From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel,
  Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
  Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
  Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

134. *The grave; or, Christ a Guide thro Death to Glory.*

8, 7, 4. Jordan tune.—Rip. Selec.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

135. *Encouragement under persecution.*

8l. 7, 6s. New Selec.

1. COME all ye mourning souls,
Who seek rest in Jesus's love,
Who place your whole affections
On things that are above;

Come let us join together,
  And hand in hand go on,
Till we arrive in Canaan,
  Where we no more shall mourn.

Behold how Satan rages,
  Temptations do abound,
And often persecutions,
  Beset us all around;
Old friends do now forsake us,
  They count us low and mean,
Because we love the name
  Of th' despised Nazarene.

To all created comforts
  We freely bid farewell;
By faith we view the mansions
  Where we do hope to dwell.
Our Saviour doth invite us;
  He reaches out a crown;
To comfort and protect us,
  The angels wait around.

A few more days of sorrow,
  And Christ will call us home,
To walk the golden streets
  Of the new Jerusalem.
Until that glorious hour,
  Let's patiently endure;
The promises are faithful—
  The crown and kingdom sure.

5. Adieu ye old companions,
We love your precious souls;
O'er all your sinful courses,
Our heart in secret mourns,
Fain would we take you with us:
May grace make you comply!
We leave you all with Jesus;
O, to his bosom fly!

136. *The loving Saint.*
8l. 6, 5s. New Selec.

1. OH! Jesus, my Saviour,
To thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving
Fall down at thy feet:
Accept my poor offering—
My soul, flesh and blood:
Thou art my Redeemer,
My Lord, and my God!

2. I love thee—I love thee—
I love thee, my Lord!
I love thee, my Saviour—
I love thee, my God!
I love thee—I love thee—
I trust thou dost know;
But how much I love thee
I never can show.

3. I'm happy—I'm happy—
O, wondrous account!

My joys are immortal—
  I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
  And long to be there,
With angels, my kindred,
  And Jesus, my dear.

O, Jesus! my Saviour,
  In thee I am blest,
My life, and my treasure—
  My joy, and my rest!
Thy grace is my theme,
  And thy name is my song;
Thy love doth inspire
  My heart and my tongue.

All human expressions
  Are empty and vain;
They cannot unriddle
  The heavenly flame!
I'm sure, if the tongue
  Of an angel I had,
I could not the myst'ry
  Completely describe.

O! who is like Jesus?
  He's Salem's great King!
He knows me—he loves me;
  He learns me to sing!
I'll praise him! I'll praise him,
  With notes loud and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure
My spirit do fill.

137. *The reviving song.*
8l. 7s.

1. JESUS came into the world,
And suffered to redeem us;
Then ascended upon high,
And sent grace to save us.

CHORUS

O, every one that thirst,
Come unto the waters;
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
As Zion's sons and daughters.

2. See the fountain open wide,
For sin and all uncleanness;
Streaming from the Saviour's side,
And sweetly flows unto us.
O, every one, &c

3. If your cross you do not bear,
And suffer persecution,
You'll be found in Satan's snare,
With all your sad delusions.
O, every one, &c,

4. See the crowd that's gone before,
In paths of self denial;
There they sit on Canaan's shore,
Waiting for our arrival.
O, every one, &c.

Brethren are you on the way,
And ready now to meet them?
Let us join to sing and pray,
Till we arrive in heaven.
O, every one, &c.

There we'll all together meet,
And praise our Lord and Saviour;
On Canaan's shore we'll sit and sing,
Forever and forever.
O, every one, &c.

8. *Awake a sword against my Shepherd, against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts.*—Zach. xiii. 7.

6l. 6, 8s.

THE triune God above,
And Lord of all below,
To sinners shews his love,
Displays his justice too:
Awake, awake, vindictive sword,
Against my fellow, saith the Lord.

Awake, against the man,
Omnipotent in power,
To execute my plan,
Lost mortals to restore;
Man has a load of guilt so great,
None but my Son can bear the weight.

Him vengeance shall pursue,
For man he must atone;

To justice what is due,
His blood can pay alone:
He shall my righteous law fulfil,
He shall accomplish all my will.

4. The Lord of hosts commands,
The eternal Father spoke;
All heaven in silence stands,
While Jesus bears the stroke:
See, guilty mortals, see, his side
For you was pierced, for you he died.

5. Draw near the accursed tree,
In wonder lost, that love
Could rise to that degree,
Your sentence to remove;
With weeping eyes his sorrows view;
He groaned, he bled, he died for you.

6. O, let me have your hearts,
Your blessings shall increase;
To his he still imparts
Both righteousness and peace:
His grace shall all your sins subdue;
He groaned, he bled, he died for you.

7. Bought by his precious blood,
You are no more your own;
Give up yourselves to God,
And live to him alone:

Jesus will bear you conquerers through;
He groaned, he bled, he died for you.

9. *The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the lord, shall not want any good things.*—Psalm xxxiv. 10.

8l. 5, 6, 5, 6, 5s.

YE lambs of Christ's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold,
On life by his death;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your best room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume.

Remember one thing,
O, may it sink deep,
Our shepherd and king
Cares much for his sheep.
To trust him endeavor,
The work is his own;
He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown.

Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak;
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek,
His spirit will cherish
The life he first gave,

You never shall perish:
If Jesus can save.

4. Proud lions that boast,
When lusty and young,
Soon find to their cost,
Self confidence wrong,
Tormented with hunger,
They feel their strength vain;
For famine is stronger,
And gnaws them with pain.

5. But lambs are preserved,
Tho' helpless in kind;
When lions are starved,
They nourishment find,
Their shepherd upholds them,
When faint in his arms;
And feeds them, and folds them,
And guards them from harm.

6. Tho' sometimes we see
The case is not thus;
But shepherds will flee,
Yet what's that to us.
The shepherd that chose us,
Must surely be good,
Who, rather than loose us,
Would shed his heart's blood!

7. Blest soul that canst say,
Christ only I seek;

Wait for him always,
Be constant tho' weak.
The Lord whom thou seekest,
Will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest,
Is dear as the strong.

140. *Dependence on Christ alone.* - 6l. 8s.

IF ever it could come to pass
That sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
Would fall ten thousand times a day:
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

I on thy promises depend;
At least I to depend desire,
That thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire:
Wilt for me work, and in me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.

No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall;
I look to thee to be supplied
With life, with will, with power, with all:
Rich men may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

141. *I will remember the works of the Lord; ly I will remember thy words of old.*—P lxvii. L. M.

1. AWAY my doubts, begone my fears,
O, halle, hallelujah!
The wonders of the Lord appear;
O, glory hallelujah!
The wonders that my Saviour wrought
O, halle, hallelujah!
O, how delightful is the thought!
O, glory hallelujah!
Shout! shout! we're gaining ground, O, h hallelujah!
The love of God is coming down, O, glory lelujah!

2. The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

3. Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing the
'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in mine eyes!

4. Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot;
Long had my soul for comfort sought;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in Heaven.

How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before mine eyes!
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

The world, with all its pomp, withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.

I gloried in my Saviour's grace;
I sang my great Redeemer's praise;
My soul then long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay!

The powers of hell in vain combin'd,
To tempt, or interrupt my mind;
I saw and sung, in joyful strains,
The monster Satan held in chains.

These are the wonders I record;
The marv'lous goodness of the Lord;
O, for a tongue to speak his praise!
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

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142. *Christ's blood efficacious.* 4l. 11s.

N the house of King David a fountain doth spring,
Persin and uncleanliness from Jesus our King:

This fountain flows sweetly whenever ap
ed ;
It sprang from the bowels of Christ wher
died.

2 This fountain was open'd by th' soldier's sp
The blood and the water flow'd both ou
dear ;
It is balsam for the wounded, and balm for
sick,
'Tis sight for the blinded, and strength
the weak.

3 If you are distress'd, and burdened with s
Come wash in this fountain, and you shal
clean ;
Here's all things provided for sinners undo
And you are invited and welcome to com

4 If you're o'er burden'd with mountains of th
This well of salvation stands open for all
Come, draw when you're weary and d
when you're dry,
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

5 If you are distressed with mountains of g
O, wash in this fountain that Jesus hath spil
You need not go mournigg for sin very lon
Believe in your Saviour and sing the new s

6 The song of salvation it is so divine,
There's music and melody in every line ;

It was sung by the Hebrews, when deliverance they found,
When old Simeon finds Jesus, sweet praises doth sound.

There is a day coming in which saints shall sing
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King;
Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and pain,
The kingdom of heaven eternally gain.

O, sinners, we're travelling to yonder bright world,
From which by transgression the angels were hurl'd;
We bid you a final, eternal farewell;
Unless you're converted you will sink to hell.

Awake, O sinner! awake from your sin!
We're sorry to leave you, and bid you again;
But if you will slight us again, and again,
When God speaks your sentence, we must say AMEN.

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143. *The unsearchable riches of Christ.*
Eph. iii. 8. 4l. 8s.

HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief designs are?

2. His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace;
O no! 'tis a mist'ry unknown.

3. In him all the fullness of God
For ever transcendantly shines;
The father's anointed he stood
To finish his glorious designs.

4. Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels fast bound to set free,
His glory sustained no loss;
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

5. O sinners, believe and adore
The Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6. He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste;
Here's pardon—here's grace, yea, and mo
Here's glory eternal at last.

144. *A warning to Sinners.*
P. M. Newton.

1. STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?

See hell beneath you gaping wide!
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.
Then be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake.

Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his word oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment shall proclaim?
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
Then be entreated, &c.

Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood crimson die;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?
Then be entreated, &c.

Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass;

God at length will make you feel—
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain shall call
(Though they now despise his grace)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
"And hide us from his face!"
Then be entreated, &c.

5. But, as yet, there is a hope
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None that come shall be deny'd;
He says "there yet is room."
Then be entreated, &c.

145. *The Preacher's Request.* 8l. 8, 7s.

1. BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And to adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While I try to preach the word?
All's in vain without the spirit
Of the holy one comes down;
Brethren pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Standing on the brink of woe;

Death is coming, hell is moving,
  Can you bear to let them go?
See your fathers and your mothers,
  Your neighbors' children sinking down;
Brethren pray, and holy manna
  Will be showered all around.

Brethren see the poor backslider,
  Who was once near heaven's door;
But he has denied the Saviour,
  And is now distressed sore;
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
  Now he does lament his wound;
Brethren pray, and holy manna
  Will be showered all around.

Sisters will you join and help us,
  Like Moses' sister helped him?
Will you pray for trembling mourners,
  Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
  Tell them that he will be found;
Brethren pray, and holy manna
  Will be showered all around.

Let us love our God supremely,
  Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
  Till our God makes all things new;
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
  At his table we'll sit down;

Christ will gird himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

146. *The Young Woman's Experience.* 41. 9

1. COME all ye people of my nation,
Come listen a while, and I'll relate
The wonders of my sad condition,
And how I travell'd from that state.

2. I was born blind to sin inclined,
As all the race of Adam was;
Full sixteen years I was delighted,
In civil mirth and void of fear.

3. One time unthoughtful I went to meeting
And heard a woman relating there
The travel of her sad condition,
And how she came the Lord to fear.

4. I saw when she was thus relating,
The awful state that I was in;
I saw my soul was unconverted,
And always had been dead in sin.

5. I then began to think of praying,
And trying for to seek the Lord;
But still my soul was much distressed,
Before I unto Jesus cried.

6. I then began to seek conversion,
And cri'd to the Lord my soul to save,
I left my way of light devotion,
And then God's mercy I did crave.

My sins began like pointed mountains,
To stand against me every day;
My sins I was oft recounting,
But all in vain my grief to lay.

One night while thinking of the Saviour,
And what he'd done for sinful man,
I thought my soul was out of favor,
And ne'er his goodness should obtain.

Mount Sinia's thunder roll'd against me,
Not only for my outward sins,
But in my heart I saw the fountain,
Which made my actions so unclean.

I saw myself justly condemned,
And thought my soul to hell must go;
But still I found his mercy extended,
Which made my soul with love o'erflow.

Then I was delivered of my burden,
These words with power did run through me;
Well Christ remembers Calvary's mountain,
Nor let his saints forgetful be.

O, then by faith, I thought I saw him,
A hanging on the accursed tree;
O, then my soul was much uplifted;
I then believ'd he died for me.

13. Come christians join with me in praisi
The blessed Lord who died for me;
I hope to praise him while I'm living,
And after death eternally.

147. *A Hymn for young converts.* L. M.
New Selec.

1 WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
The theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ which can't be told;
They view themselves on Canaan's shore,
And think the conflict now is o'er.

3 They now rejoice as free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan hurl'd quite down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing
And make the heavenly arches ring
With joyful hallelujahs round,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
They're fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.

Where, feeble child, is now thy song?
And where's the music of thy tongue?
"Alas! I fear that I'm undone,
"And have from first to last been wrong."

Come take up arms and face the field;
Gird on your harness, sword and shield;
Stand fast in faith and never yield,
And soon the conquest will be gain'd.

If Satan comes to tempt again,
And tells you that your King was slain;
Be bold to say, he rose again,
And promises that saints shall reign.

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148. *Farewell Song.*

New Selec. 6l. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6s.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must begone;
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;

Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heave
You've counted all things here but dross;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given,
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

5. Farewell, ye younger saints of God,
Sore conflicts yet may wait for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell. &c.

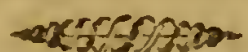
6. Farewell, poor careless sinner too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn and seek salvation here.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And seek salvation here.

149. *Parting.*

6l. 8, 7, 4 New Selec.

1. LORD, before we leave thy temple,
Comfort every fainting heart,
Assure us we shall reign in glory,
One with thee, no more to part.
Reign in glory, &c.
Praising God with all the heart,

There, in sweet triumphant splendor,
We shall all thy love explore,
And through one eternal sabbath
Shout thy name for evermore.
All in raptures, &c.
We shall wonder and adore.



0. *The Rebel's surrender to grace.* Cl. 8, 8, 6s.

LORD, to thy love at length I yield;
My heart by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

All that a wretch could do I try'd;
Thy patience scorn'd thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws;
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,
Could stand more stedfast for thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.

But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more:
Could'st thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,

In fix'd attention join ;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue
Have Satan's servants been too long ;
But now they shall be thine.

5. And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread ?
Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee and confess thy grace,
Invincible indeed !

151. *The Pilgrim's Song.*
S. M. Newton.

1. FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace !
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
We are on our journey home.

2. The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well ;
This only leads to endless day ;
All others lead to hell.
Hallelujah ! &c.

3. The promis'd land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view.
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing through !
Hallelujah ! &c.

Here often from our eyes,
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.
Hallelujah! &c.

Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.
Hallelujah! &c.

Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saint
Will make amends for all.
Hallelujah! &c.

152. *The good Physician.*
8l. 7s. Double. Newton.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin;

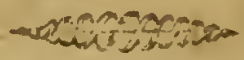
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3. From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4. At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,

He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live.



153. *'Tis all for the best.*

P. M. New Selec. 81. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5s.

1. My soul now arise,
My passions take wing,
Look up to the skies,
And cheerfully sing;
Let God be thy object,
In praises address'd,
And this be my subject,
"'Tis all for the best."

2. Search all the world through,
Examine and see,
And what canst thou view
More suited to thee,
Than this declaration,
In scripture express'd,
That God thy salvation,
"Does all for the best."

3. Though here day by day
His love shall see good,
Upon thee to lay
His fatherly rod;
Yet be not dejected,
However oppress'd;
Though sorely afflicted,
"'Tis all for the best."

4. On creatures below
   I'll not set my heart;
For surely I know
   We shortly must part;
For though when God gives them,
   His name's to be bless'd,
Yet when he removes them,
   "'Tis all for the best."

5. But O the blest day!
   And soon 'twill arise,
When freed from this clay,
   I'll mount to the skies;
And when I do enter
   My heavenly rest,
I'll there sing forever
   "'Tis all for the best."

154. *My name is Jacob.*—Gen. xxxii. 27.
7s. Newton.

1. NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2. Dost thou ask me, who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,

Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner, near despair,
I sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

155. *None upon earth I desire besides thee.*
8l. 8s. Newton.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see:
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume.
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear:
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. Dear Lord if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

156. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.
Broadus' Collec.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee:
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3. Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4. Is heaven thus glorious, O my Lord!
Why should I stray from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

5. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7. My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And should I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8. There we shall meet and part no more,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song free grace.

9. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

10. Millions of years around may run,
Our songs will still go on,
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, three in One.

157. *Divine glories, or, the beauties of Christ.*
8l. 8s. Wesley's Collec.

1, I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love.
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Emmanuel's land,
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see;
My fulness of rapture I find;
My heaven of heaven's in thee.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in thy mansions above;
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow shall prove;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And then, from the body set free,
My soul to thy presence receive.

158. *Experience.*

11s. Broadus's collec.

Come, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention awhile to my word;
A wonder of mercy, behold now and see
What a precious Saviour has done for poor me.

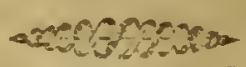
I was led by the Devil, till lost and distrest,
I tho't that in torment I soon should be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
'Till faith saw my Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3. "O, sinner!" said Jesus, "for you I l
died;"
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;
My guilt was removed, my soul did rejoi
The blood was applied with a witnessing vo

4. At once on my knees before God I did fal
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all;
The heart of this rebel was bursted in tw
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5. There is peace now in Heaven, and peace
on earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour
say,
O! witness, kind Heaven, on this my bi
day!

6. My soul now was humbled. I fell to the grou
"The time of refreshing at last I have fou
"O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul
"thy charms;
"I die, like old Simeon, with Christ in
"arms."



159. *The Gospel Trumpet.*
P. M. Broadus' Collec.

1 HARK! how the Gospel trumpet soun
Through all the world the echo bounds;
And Jesus by redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,

And guides them safely by his word,
  To endless day.

Hail! all-victorious conquering King,
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
  In endless day.

Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest ye have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
  In endless day.

Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt.
To save the lost from sin and guilt;
Poor sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
  To endless day.

Through storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hope and gloomy fear,
'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And then we'll shout all trial's o'er,
  To endless day.

6 There we shall in sweet chorus join
With saints and angels—all combine
To sing of his redeeming love;
When rolling years shall cease to mov
For this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

160. *Happiness of the Christian.*
8!. 8, 6 Broadus' Collec.

1. HOW happy's every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven;
This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight,
E'en now by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight.
A heaven prepar'd for me.

2. A stranger in this world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But O the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

3. To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I'll repair;
While in the flesh, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there.

here my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
nd still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

Vhat is there here to court my stay,
And keep me back from home;
'hen angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
all I regret to leave my friends,
Here in this vale confin'd?
o God himself my soul ascends;
Farewell, to all behind.

'he race we all are running now,
What though I first attain;
hey too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
ow on the brink of death I stand,
And if I pass before,
hey shall too escape to land,
And hail me on that shore.

'hen should I suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share,
should not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
here we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim;
nd solemnize in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

7. O, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly pow'r
And antidate that day.
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd;
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

8. O, would he more of heaven bestow,
Then let this vessel break;
Then would my ransom'd spirit go
To see the God I seek.
In rapturous awe on him gaze,
Who gives that sight to me;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

161. *Jesus the soul of music.*
8l. 8, 7s. C. Wesley.

1. LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil;
Music alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing;
Widens and strews with flow'rs the way
Down to eternal ruin.

2. Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent mirth recover;

Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure;
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Revive the holy pleasure.

Come, let us try if Jesus' love
Cannot as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth will fire us:
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing;
Is there a subject greater?
Melody all its strains may bring,
Jesus' love is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is,
He is the noblest passion;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven;
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing?
Us, who his mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful be all our faces.

Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts, we make,
Melody with our voices.

6. He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in heart is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the scripture saith,
Joyful, and ne'er be weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty, and never ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship, and thanks, and blessings.

7. Come, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory aspire to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe, and then sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

162. *The wandering pilgrim.*

P. M. Tiebout's Collec. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 7s.

1. WANDERING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd:
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast;

Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
  Come the sweet provision taste.

If you have a heart lamenting,
  And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
  'Tis a sign of quick'ning grace;
If you want a heart to fear him,
  Love and serve him all your days;
Come to Christ the Lord, and ask him,
  He will guide your feet always.

If your heart is unbelieving,
  Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love;
Lay hard by Bethsaida waiting,
  Till the troubled waters move:
If no man appear to help you,
  All their efforts prove but talk;
Jesus, Jesus, soon will bid you
  "Rise, take up your bed and walk."

If, like Peter, you are sinking
  In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, always praying,
  Christ will send you sweet relief.
He will give you grace and glory,
  All your wants shall be supplied;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
  Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

Death shall not destroy your comfort:
  Christ shall guard you through the gloom;

Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home :
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

163. *Friendship.*

P. M. Tiebout's collec.

1. THE reason we love friendship
We will deny to no man ;
How shall, how shall, how shall we,
Who are thus form'd for happiness,
Neglect a loving Christian,
Since Jesus, Jesus, has died on the tr
For to deliver men
From violence and treason,
That we might love each other now,
And find in him salvation.
'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God
For to redeem the nation,
That happy, happy we might be.

2. On a feast day in ancient times,
Jesus stood thus crying ;
Whoso thirsteth let every one
Come unto me and freely drink,
And thus be sav'd from dying ;
For surely, surely there's nothing else c
Quench the immortal thirst
That in your hearts is glowing,

Then come and taste the streams of grace
  Which are so freely flowing;
O! drink, my love, my only dove,
  For you they are now flowing;
  Then happy, happy you shall be.

Let us who have begun to taste
The sweets of this salvation,
  Follow, follow, let us follow on,
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting all temptation,
  Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son,
With outstretch'd arms expanded,
  And voice that's so inviting,
To sacred streams of purest joys
  Is thus our souls exciting,
Let us impart to him our heart,
  By faith and love uniting,
  Then happy, happy we shall be.

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164. *Christ's love revealed.*
P. M. Tiebout's Collec. 8, 8, 7s.

Far above yon glorious ceiling,
  Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits his love revealing,
  To his splendid troops on high;
Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
  At his feet they prostrate fall,
Saints and angels all avowing,
  God in Christ is all in all.

2. Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go;
Earth by us would then be spurn'd,
All its vanities subside;
Fuel fit to be burn'd;
All its honors, pleasures, pride.

3. From the general conflagration
We should to God's refuge fly;
Clasp the hope of our salvation,
Live in Christ no more to die.
We in him our rest obtaining,
All his blessedness should prove;
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Full of peace and joy and love.

4. We should for the day be waiting,
When the full reward is given;
When the glorious work's completed,
Jesus takes his church to heaven;
Pure from ev'ry stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine,
Moulded by his great Creator,
For society divine.

165. *Zion's Hill.*
6l. 7s. Tiebout's Collec.

1 CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still;

Who will serve this blessed King,
Come, enlist, and help me sing;
I, his soldier, sure will be
Happy in eternity.

I, by faith enlisted, am
In the service of the Lamb;
Present pay I now receive,
Future happiness he'll give;
I, his soldier, &c.

Zion's King my captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Let the fiends of hell engage,
Fret, and foam, and roar, and rage;
I, his soldier, &c.

Let the world their forces join,
With the fiends of hell combine;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day;
I, his soldier, &c.

Wicked men I scorn to fear,
Though they persecute me here;
True, they may my body kill,
But my soul's in Jesus still;
I, his soldier, &c.

What a captain have I got!
Is not mine a happy lot?

Hear, ye worldlings, hear my song,
From my heart and from my tongue;
I, his soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord:
I, his soldier, &c.

8 Come, ye mourners, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ,
Whosoever will may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.
I, his soldier, &c.

9 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.
I, his soldier, &c.

10 Be persuaded, come to day,
All your sins he'll wash away;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.
Yes, in heaven you shall be,
Praising God eternally.

166. *Longing for Heaven.*
8l. 7, 6s. Tiebout's Collec.

1. O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;

And from the flowing fountain,
  Drink everlasting love?
O how charming, how charming, how charming is Jesus;
  He is my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.
When shall I be deliver'd,
  From this vain world of sin:
And with my blessed Jesus,
  Drink endless pleasures in?
  O how charming, &c.

But now I am a soldier,
  My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
  And bid me not give o'er:
His promises are faithful,
  A righteous crown he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
  Eternally shall live.

Through grace I am determin'd
  To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
  On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
  I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
  And on your way pursue.

Whene'er you meet with troubles
  And trials on your way,

Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor;
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5. O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6. And when th' archangel's trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entomb'd millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived
New beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7. Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold,
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing:

Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.

167. *The happy Christian.*

4l. 11s. Tiebout's collec.

MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals a. praising their King;
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame;
I faint in sweet raptures of Jesus' name.

O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thee, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
O! bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

O heavens! sweet heavens! I long to be there,
To meet all my brothren and Jesus my dear;
Come angels! come angels! I'm ready to fly,
Come quickly, convey me to God in the sky.

Sweet spirits! attend me 'till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me 'till I am call'd home;

Tho' worms my poor body may claim as the
prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noo
day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd
blood;
The mountains all melt at the presence
God,
Red lightnings shall flash, and loud thunde
shall roar,
But all cannot daunt me on Canaan's brig
shore.

7 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,
I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goa
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go
This moment for Heaven I'd leave all below

8 Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids m
come;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now goin
home;
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in m
ear,
Away—to thy Saviour thy spirit we'll bear.

9 I'm going! I'm going! but what do I see?
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me;
I'm going! I'm going! I'm going! I'm gone!
O glory! O glory! 'tis done: it is done!

To the regions of glory the spirit is fled,
nd left this vile body inactive and dead!
ith angelic armies in glory to blaze!
n Jesus' beauty forever to gaze!

When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet shall sound,
o 'wake God's dear children that sleep under ground;
heir souls and their bodies shall then join in one,
nd each from their Saviour receive a bright crown.

168. *On the Millenium.*
C. M. Tiebout's Collec. 81.

THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
he shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
he north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend;
dorn'd as a bride Jerusalem
All-glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the glorious crown,
The azure-flaming bow,
hat holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
hen Zion's bleeding, conq'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy,

The morning stars shall t'gether sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3. The holy bright musician band,
Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order then shall stand
Fair Salem to behold.
Descending on sweet melting strains
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts through earth's extensive pl
Were never heard before.

4. Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, few, and poor
Their great Redeemer's strong:
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness
Throughout this weary land.

5. The crystal streams run down from Hea
They issue from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driven;
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As we shall sing above.

6. A thousand years shall roll around.
The church shall be complete.

hall'd by the glorious trumpet's sound
Their Saviour Christ to meet.
They rise with joy and mount on high;
They fly to Jesus' arms,
And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their beloved's charms.

. *A dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.*
8l. 7, 6s. Hart.

el. COME, my soul, and let us try
For a little season
Ev'ry burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are those that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve thee.

oul. O! I sink beneath the load
Of my nature's evil;
Full of enmity to God,
Captiv'd by the devil.
Restless as the troubled seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful;
Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

el. Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.

See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying!
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying!

4 *Soul.* This by faith I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me,
But my sins return anew,
These are they that grieve me.
O! I'm leprous, filthy, foul,
Quite throughout infected;
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?

5 *Bel.* Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out, "It is finish'd!"
Treasure up that sacred word,
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not! he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun;
Why then this dejection?

6 *Soul.* Faith, when void of works, is dead,
This the scriptures witness;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are depraved,
Blind, perverse, and slow:
If from death I'm fully saved,
Why am I not healthy.

Bel. Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower;
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with power.
Ev'ry work that thou must do,
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favor.

Soul. Jesus' precious blood once spilt,
I depend on, solely,
To release and clear my guilt;
But I would be holy.
Bel. He that bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

Soul. That he can, I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure;
Bel. Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?
Soul. When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing—
Bel. Faint not then, but pray and wait,
Never, never ceasing.

Soul. What when pray'r meets no regard?
Bel. Still repeat it often.
Soul. But I feel myself so hard—
Bel. Jesus will thee soften.

Soul. But my enemies make head—
Bel. Let them closer drive thee.
Soul. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead—
Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

11 *Toge.* Come, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe and still sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

170. *Christian Union.*

P. M. Boston collec.

1 ATTEND, ye saints and hear me tell,
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed union.

2 He view'd me from the courts on high,
And saw my soul in ruin lie;
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Then I began to mourn and cry;
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy,
But still I had no union.

But when my Jesus took me in,
And with his blood did wash me clean,
Twas then I hated every sin;
And O! what seasons I have seen
Since I have felt this union.

I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
From house to house, I went to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always had some word to say
About this blessed union.

I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to union.

Return, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say;
Be careful that you watch and pray;
Come, bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

We soon shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And gain the mark, and win the prize,
And feel in heaven this union.

171. *What think ye of Christ?*

8l. 8s. Newton.

1. WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So far is revealed to you,
That mercy or wrath is your lot.

2. Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel, at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3. Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight
By casting his name in the scale.

4. Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:

Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in the terrible day?

If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store,
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

172. *Hear what he has done for my soul.*
8l. 7s. Newton.

SAV'D by grace I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.
Oh! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

In a kind propitious hour
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke;
Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd,

Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died.

3. Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove
After acting such a part?
Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
But I freely all forgive;
I myself thy debt have paid;
Now I bid thee rise and live.

4. Come, my fellow sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love;
Oh! that you, as well as I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare
All is ready, all is free;
Why should any soul despair,
When he sav'd a wretch like me!

173. *The comforts of the way.*
7s. Balt. collec.

1 COME, and taste along with me
Consolations running free
From our Father's gracious throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

2 Wherefore should I feast alone?
Mourning souls, there yet is room;
Converts ever coming in,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Still I am a gleaner there.

My old nature doth its best
To deprive my soul of rest;
But I've treasures coming in,
Which are opposite to sin.

Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace,
While there is a God to give,
And poor sinners to receive.

Goodness running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem,
Doth by constant breaking forth
Sweeten earth and heaven and both.

Saints in glory sing aloud,
Of the praises of their God;
We who sing in faith below,
Soon to glory too shall go.

Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comforts flowing every where;
This I freely do confess,
That my soul has got a taste.

Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

174. *The happy hopeful saint.*
L. M. Balt. Collec.

1 O MAY it be my lot to see
The saints in full prosperity;
To see the bright the glitt'ring bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

2 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;
A servant, as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my King.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home.
Away to new Jerusalem.

4 I'll praise my maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
In his dear arms I'll lose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations, under ground;
Rise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

Then to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

175. *Friends parting.*

P. M. Balt. collec.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour let creation sing,
A Saviour let all heaven ring;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours;

'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before,
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die,
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll still the crown pursue.
A Saviour let creation sing, &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens abound with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.
A Saviour let creation sing, &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thy own,
May we, the little band of love,
We, sinners sav'd by grace,

From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.
A Saviour let creation sing, &c.

176. *The Believer's hiding place.*
L. M. Balt. collec.

HAIL! soverign love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the gospel of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
Fonder of darkness than of light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love arrest the man;
I felt the arrows of deep distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.

But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
A mercy for my soul appear'd,

Which led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

8 Few more rolling years at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
When I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

177. *Desires of a revival answered.* 11s.

1 O HOW I have long'd for the coming of G
And sought him by praying and searching
word;
By watching and mourning my soul was
press'd,
Nor could I give over 'till sinners were bl

2 The tokens of mercy at length do appear,
According to promise he's answer'd my pray
The prospects now open'd do gladden my so
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 The news of rich mercy is sounding aloud
And sinners come weeping and crying to G
They're mourning and praying at home
abroad,
And many find favor through Jesus' blood.

Still more, my dear Saviour, here fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
O hear them, dear Jesus, their burdens remove,
Let them with believers exult in thy love.

Ye saints be encourag'd, the promises plead,
King Jesus is claiming his ransomed seed;
And millions shall bow to his sceptre of love,
When we are remov'd to the city above.

We wait for his chariot, it seems to draw near,
O come, thou dear Saviour, let glory appear;
We long to be singing with saints now above,
With them overwhelmed in oceans of love.

178. *Christmas Hymn.*

Balt. collec.

From the regions of love
  Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news
  How the babe was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit
  This wonderful stranger;
With wonder and joy
  See your God in a manger!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who obtain'd our redemption!
We'll praise him evermore,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy;
Now behold your salvation.
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given;
Now glory to God
Is re-echo'd through heaven.
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I burn
With delight and desire;
Such love so divine
Sets my soul all on fire.
Around the bright throne
Now hosannas are ringing;
O, when shall I join
Them, and be ever singing!
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride
In thy chariot victorious,

And conquer with love,
O, Jesus! all glorious.
Thy banner unfurl,
Bid the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour,
Their King and Defender.
Hallelujah, &c.

179. *Jesus is my friend.*
8s. Balt. collec.

THERE is a Heaven above the skies,
A Heaven where pleasure never dies;
A Heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

The way is difficult, and strait
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.
But Jesus, &c.

I travel through a world of foes;
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes
The tempter cries, you shall not stand
To reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

The way of danger I am in,
Beset with devils, men, and sin;

But in this way thy tracts I see,
And mark'd with blood for guilty me.
Sweet Jesus, &c.

5 Come life, come death, come then what w
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
O Jesus, &c.

6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, friend, and King;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "press on, and here's the crow
O Jesus, &c.

7 "Endure thy griefs a few more days;
"Fight the good fight, and win the race,
"And then thy soul with me shall reign;
"Thy head a crown of glory gain."
O Jesus, &c.

8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last joyful trump shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surpri
And in my Saviour's image rise.
O Jesus, &c.

180. *Christ's Sufferings.*

P. M. Balt. collec.

1 THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trac
Example or obedience;
No period else was seen

'Till he a spotless victim feel,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by his people's sin.

On the cold ground, methinks, I see
Jesus kneel and pray for me;
O, him will I adore!
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.

A crown of thorns his temples bore
His back they scourg'd, his flesh they tore,
'Till one the bones might see!
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tear;
Press'd by the heavy tree!

Thus up the hill oppress'd he goes,
While scoffing crowds increase his woes;
At length his cross they rear!
And can we see the Lamb of God,
And hear him cry beneath our load,
Without one thankful tear?

Thus, veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell!
See shuddering rocks their heads recline,
The sun himself refuse to shine,
Dismay'd the pow'rs of Hell!

6 But sing, ye saints, in songs divine;
He drinks the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst;
Seraphs advance your voices higher;
Bride of the Lamb unite their choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

181. *Blind Bartimeus.*

8l. 8, 7s. Newton.

1 "Mercy, O, thou son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus cried;
"Others by thy grace are saved,
"O, vouchsafe to me thine aid."
For his crying many chid him,
But he cried the louder still,
"Till his gracious Saviour bid him
"Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live;
Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he could give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let mine eyes behold the day."
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way."

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,

"Friends is not my case amazing
"What a Saviour I have found!
"Oh that all the blind but knew him,
"Or could be advis'd by me;
"Sure if they were brought unto him,
"He would cause them all to see.
"Now I freely leave my garment,
"Follow Jesus in the way;
"He'll direct me by his counsel,
"Bring me to eternal day:
"There I shall behold my Saviour,
"Spotless, innocent, and pure;
"I shall reign with him forever,
"For his promises are sure.
"Don't you see my Jesus coming,
"See him now in yonder cloud,
"With ten thousand angels round him;
"O! behold the glorious crowd!
"I will rise and go and meet him,
"And embrace him in my arms;
"In the arms of my dear Jesus,
"O! he hath ten thousand charms."

182. *Dying Stephen.* P. M.
Methodist collec.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear,
Thy members here

Shall sing in hope of glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God,
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We raise our songs exulting,
In thine almighty favour;
Thy love divine,
Which makes us thine,
Will keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near.
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt exalt us:

The cross despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us;
And if it be thy pleasure,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

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183. *A Funeral Song.*

Methodist collec. 8l. 8s.

AH! lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare.
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How easy the soul, that has left
This wearisome body behind.
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more,
With sickness or sharper with pain:

The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger henceforward or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and acting are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat;
It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountain can yield no supplies,
Those hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from those eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine;
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliv'rance I pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O, might I this moment become,
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

184. *The foretaste of Heaven.*

As the 151st. Walworth tune.—Swain.

ON earth the song begins,
In heav'n more sweet and loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood.
To thee they cry, in rapturous strains;
"Be honor, praise and pow'r—amen."

Ye saints on earth repeat
What heaven with rapture owns,
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go, imitate the choir above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing;
'Till others learn the song,
And own your Lord their King;
'Till converts join you as you go,
And make a growing heaven below.

Inform the list'ning world
How Jesus, when he fell,
The pow'rs of darkness hurl'd
Down to the depths of hell;
And, rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
His church, in triumph through the skies.

Alone he took the field;
Alone the battle fought;

With his own sword and shield
The mighty work he wrought:
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.

6 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But Jordan's billows cross'd,
We'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heav'nly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

185. *Hymn for Sophronia.*
10, 8. Watt's Miscel.

1 FORBEAR, my friends, forbear and ask more
Where all my cheerful airs are fled;
Why will you make me talk my torments o'e
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

2 Deep from my heart mark how the sobs aris
Hear the long groans that waste my breath
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3 I was all love, and she was all delight;
O let me run to seasons past!
Ah! flow'ry days when first she charm'd n
night;
But roses will not always last.

Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth;
The seed descending from above,
Roots in a soil prepar'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy and love.

Not the gay splendors of a flattering court
Could tempt her to appear and shine;
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort,
But I was blest, and she was mine.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all,
Love grew with every waning moon;
Had heaven a length of years delay'd its call,
I still had thought it call'd too soon.

But peace my sorrows! nor with murm'ring voice
Dare to accuse heav'ns high decree;
She was first ripe for everlasting joys:—
Sophronia waits in heaven for me.

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186. *Fall of Antichrist.* Rev. 17.
8l. 7, 6s. Jeremiah Moore.

COME, all ye dear believers,
Who wish to own the Lord,
Take up your cross and follow,
Directed by his word;
In all his institutions
With solemn rev'rence join;
Soon Jew and Gentile nations
In Zion shall combine.

2 Fear not the frowns of scoffers,
Nor tremble at the rage
Of those who, tho' professors,
Against the truth engage;
As scribes, and priests, and lawyers,
And mitred bishops too;
Popes, cardinals, and friars,
With all that they can do.

3 They talk of circumcision,
And ancient customs plead,
Observed by the fathers,
A holy, pious seed.
They talk of Christians' offering,
In covenant with God,
Though ignorant of Jesus,
And his atoning blood.

4 O flee their schemes of priestcraft,
Those soul-bewitching snares,
That captive led the simple,
As sacred truth declares:
They keep their own traditions,
And gospel rites despise;
And of the poor and simple
Make shameful merchandize.

5 Reject their wicked counsels,
Their errors cast away,
Escape those chains of darkness—
O, hear Jehovah say—

"Come out of her, my people,
Nor of her crimes partake,
Before my dreadful fury
In storms of vengeance wake!"

Behold the mighty angel,
And hear what he doth say,
While lifting up the millstone,
He casts it in the sea:
"Thus shall proud Babel's kingdom
In utter ruin fall,
No more t' oppose God's people,
No more be found at all."

Rejoice, ye saints and martyrs,
That God hath visited
Her sodomy and witchcraft
Upon her guilty head;
While awful vengeance seizes
Its long devoted prey.
Her glories are departed,
Her riches fled away.

See troops of mourning merchants
And tradesmen stand aloof;
They wring their hands for sorrow,
And cry that awful truth—
"Alas! alas! she's fallen,
And all our wealth is gone!
There's none to buy our purple—
We're entirely undone!"

9 The Lamb now stands on Zion,
And saints around him bow;
Great God! we own thy judgments
Are just and righteous too.
We shout, in hallelujahs,
To thine eternal name.
"For now has come the hour
And marriage of the Lamb."

10 The bride adorn'd with jewels,
All dug from gospel mines.
And drest in richest garments,
The rising sun outshines.
How like a glorious city
Fair Zion doth appear!
Nor sun nor moon is needed,
The Lord himself is there.

11 Amen, loud hallelujah.
Let saints and angels sing,
For lo! the Lord Jehovah
Is now come down again!
A thousand years of triumph
The church on earth obtains;
Loud let the jubilee trumpet
Announce that Jesus reigns!

187. *Animation.*

6l. 14s. MS. altered.

YE weary heavy laden souls, who are oppressed sore;
Ye trav'lers in the wilderness, to Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds and beating rains, the waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding, you take courage and be bold;
Eternal glory is in view, we feel our father's love,
And all the sorrows of the way increase our joys above.

Though storms and hurricanes arise, the desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear through the enchanted ground;
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears, and dragons often roar,
Yet through the great Redeemer's strength we'll press to Canaan's shore.
Eternal glory, &c.

We're often like the lonesome dove, that mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale, her woes she doth relate;
But Canaan's land is just before, sweet spring is coming on,

A few more beating winds and rains, and w
ter will be gone.
Eternal glory, &c.

4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies b
Jordan's billows roar,
And make us weary pilgrims fear we ne
shall get o'er;
But when, as from Mount Pisgah's top,
view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls may Jordan roar, and
may rage in vain.
Eternal glory, &c.

5 Methinks I now begin to see the borders
that land;
The trees of grace, with heavenly fruit
beauteous order stand;
The wint'ry time will soon be gone, the su
mer soon appear;
The glorious day is rolling on, the great s
batic year.
Eternal glory, &c.

6 O! what a glorious sight appears to my beli
ing eyes,
Methinks I see Jerusalem, a city in the ski
Bright angels whisper me away, O come
glory, come,
And I am waiting to be gone to my eter
home.
Eternal glory, &c.

By faith I view my glorious God on his eternal throne;
At his right hand the loving Lamb, the Spirit; Three in one;
Oh! that my faith were strong to rise and bear my soul away,
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb in one eternal day.
Eternal glory, &c.

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord, who are for Canaan bound,
And should we never meet again 'till the last trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there on that delightful shore,
In oceans of eternal bliss, where parting is no more.
Eternal glory, &c.

8. *Gethsemane—Jesus oft times resorted thither with his disciples.* John, xviii, 2.

6l. 7s. Hart.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.

'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet;

Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat;
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

3 Thither, by their master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
Here the heav'nly truth he taught
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited Gethsemane.

4 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in pray'r;
Oh! what blest devotion's that
When the Lord himself is there:
All things to them seem'd t' agree
To endear Gethsemane.

5 Here no stranger durst intrude;
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Cheer'd with sacred solitude,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet:
Yet how little could they see
Why he chose Gethsemane.

6 Much he lov'd this chosen race;
On this conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destin'd place,
And he lov'd the sacred spot:
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Tho' his foll'wers with the rest
  Had incurr'd the wrath divine,
And their Lord, with pity prest,
  Long'd to bear their loads and mine;
Love to them, and love to m ,
Made him love Gethsemane.

Many woes had he endured,
  Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inur'd,
  But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in the
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night,
  Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood and with collected might
  Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God,
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

View him in that olive press,
  Squeez'd and wrung 'till whelm'd in blood;
View thy Maker's deep distress;
  Hear the groans of Christ thy God;
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

Poor disciples, tell me, now
  Where's the love ye lately had?
Where's that faith ye all could view?
  But this hour is too, too sad;

'Tis not now for such as ye
To support Gethsemane.

12 O, what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God will know, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood:
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!

13 There my Lord bore all my guilt,
This through grace can be believ'd;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceiv'd;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

14 Gloomy garden! on thy bed,
Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds;
Think on these, my sinful soul;
Would'st thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.

15 Sinners vile like me and lost,
(if there's one so vile as I,)
Leave more righteous souls to boast,
Leave them and to refuge fly.
We may well bless that decree
Which ordain'd Gethsemane.

16 We can hope no healing hand,
Leprous quite throughout with sin;

Loath'd, incurable we stand,
  Crying out unclean, unclean!
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flow'ry bed,
  Did for man short sweetness breathe,
Soon by Satan's counsel led,
  Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
  Oft times with thy little train;
Here would'st keep thy private court?
  Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft times to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
  In a favor so divine;
But since sin first fixed thee there,
  None have greater sins than mine:
And to this, my woful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God;
  Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love, his blood;
  Sins against his name, his cause;
Sins immense is as the sea,
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

21 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

22 O Saviour all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart,
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart:
Wound the heart that wounded thee,
Melt it in Gethsemane.

23 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One Almighty God of love;
Hymn'd by all the heav'nly hos
In thy shining courts above.
We, poor sinners, gracious three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

189. *Description of Christ.*
8l. 11, 8s.

1 O, THOU, in whose presence my soul
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the
My hope, my salvation, my all;
Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with
sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?

For why in the valley of death shall I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
His locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams!

His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard thro' the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath:
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

2 Love sits on his eye-lids, and scatters delig
Thro' all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoic
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voic
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord!

190. *A sight of God mortifies us to the world.*
L. M. Watts.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou can'st bear me where thou ly'
On thy kind wings, celestial dove.

3 Might I but once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes.

4 Had I glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon
Vanish as though I saw them not;
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and ray
I should perceive their noise no more;

Then we can hear the shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great, all in all, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

191. *The Ministry of John.*

11s. MS. altered.

WHAT think ye my friends, of the preaching of John?
Say, was it from heaven, or was it from man?
If it was from heaven as most do agree,
It shows an example for you and for me.

The law and the prophets continued 'till John;
The gospel of Jesus was then usher'd in:
"The voice of one, crying, prepare ye the way,
"And straighten the paths of the great Messiah!"

The thousands of Judah, and regions around,
Came crowding to Jordan, for baptism bound;
But John soon informs them they are not renew'd,
And so not prepared to follow the Lord.

A new dispensation the Baptist declares,
And preaches repentance to Abraham's heirs;
The scribes and the Sadducees, viperous breed,
Could not be baptised, tho' Abraham's seed.

5 He tells them "Messiah will shortly be here;
And while he's baptising, lo! Christ doth appe
For to be baptised—John shrinks from th
thing,
And owns he has need to receive it from hin

6 But when he inform'd him that thus it shoul
be,
He freely baptis'd him—there was no delay
The great institution was own'd from above;
The Spirit descended on him like a dove.

7 The Saviour's example is left on record,
And those who, believing, follow the Lord,
Do find peace of conscience and joy in the sam
When they are baptised in Emmanuel's name

8 The eunuch, enabled in Christ to believe,
Without hesitation this rite did receive;
Then went on his journey, rejoicing in God,
Though many, delaying it, suffer the rod.

9 When Paul was converted upon the highway
(And light shining round him, exceeding th
day,)
Tho' three days and nights he refused to ea
Yet he was baptised before he took meat.

10 The hour of Cornelius, who heard Peter preac
A crucify'd Jesus, just suited to each,
No sooner believ'd, and Emmanuel priz'd,
Than Peter commanded they should be ba
tis'd.

1 The house of the jailor believ'd in the night,
Yet they were baptised before it was light;
Yea, when there were thousands that believ'd in a day,
They were all baptiz'd without any delay.

2 Forbear then to censure my being in haste,
Or show me an instance where it was the case
That primitive Christians deferred the thing—
I answer my conscience, my Jesus, my King.

3 I'll tell you how gospel appears unto me,
(And would to kind heaven you also might see;)
The wise and the prudent, 'tis hid from their eyes,
While babes in the kingdom rejoice in the prize.

4 Some call it baptising as Christ did command,
When water is dropp'd from the clergyman's hand
On the face of an infant yet under the curse;
But we find no scripture which proves it to us.

5 There's no being bury'd with Christ in this case:
No! Jordan or Enon was John's chosen place:
My Lord in a river was meekly baptis'd:
I'll tread his examples, however despis'd.

192. *Baptism.*
8, 7, 4, P—.

1 LONG with doubts and fears surrounded,
I've delay'd to own my Lord

In the ways of his appointment,
Though recorded in his word:
"If ye love me, &c.
"Keep (saith Jesus) my commands."

2 Conscious now it is my duty
To obey the Shepherd's voice,
Though I fear I cannot tarry,
'Tis my soul's delightful choice
To be walking, &c.
With the flock in holiness.

3 Dear, neglected, injur'd Saviour,
By thy grace I'll follow thee;
Since thy saints in love receive me,
To thy Courts I'll gladly flee.
Here is water, &c.
In thy name I'll be baptis'd.

4 O, ye saints, who now behold me,
Join to praise a gracious God;
While you see a blood bought sinner
Tread the path his master trod.
By submission, &c.
To the gospel's great command.

5 While a pop'lous crowd surround me,
And the wicked laugh to scorn,
Lead me, Jesus, to Mount Calvary,
Thy derisions there to mourn,
While expiring, &c.
On the cross for guilty man;

While I now behold the water
  Wherein I am soon to lie,
Aid me, Saviour, to remember
  That for sinners thou didst die!
    Of which wondrous, &c.
    Sure emblem waters are.

While beneath that stream immerged,
  May I think on Jordan's wave,
n which Jesus was baptised,
  Showing forth his future grave!
    Endless wonder, &c.
    That my Lord should die for me!

Boundless goodness, sovereign mercy,
  Here in my Redeemer shine;
'n this figure I behold him
  Once o'erwhelm'd in wrath divine,
    To deliver, &c.
    From the flames a chosen world.

While emerging, when emerged,
  May I think how Jesus rose,
After he had been baptis'd,
  In a flood of blood and tears,
    All for sinners, &c.
    Whom the Father in him chose.

o be sung after the administration of the ordinances.

Now since I have been baptis'd
  In the triune sacred name,

May I, Jesus, by thee guided,
Bear thy cross—despise the shame.
By thy spirit, &c.
Seal me thine, forever thine.

11 Purge my heart, preserve my conscienc
From the love and guilt of sin;
If I'm of thy dear-bought purchase,
Cleanse me, make me pure within.
Saviour keep me, &c.
Ever near thy sacred side.

12 Then when I am done with shadows,
And my trials here shall cease,
May I, Jesus, in thy presence
Dwell in sweet eternal peace;
There to praise thee, &c.
For thy free amazing grace.

193. *Christ baptised in Jordan.*

112th, Carey's tune. Rip. Selec. 61. 8s.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Emerging the repentant Jews,
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heav'ns, your maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints behold him sink and rise;
A fit example this for you.

he sacred record, while you read,
alls you to imitate the deed.

ut lo! from yonder op'ning skies
What beams of dazzling glory spread;
ove like th' eternal spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head.
maz'd they see the pow'r divine
round the Saviour's temples shine.

ut hark! my soul! hark, and adore!
What sounds are these that roll along;
ot like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
This is my well beloved Son;
I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

'hus the eternal father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
'hrough parting skies the accent broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God.
, hear the awful word to day;
lear, all ye nations, and obey.

194. *Invitation to follow the Lamb.*
8l. 8, 7s. Welsh tune. Fawset.

IAPPY souls, who feel salvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood;
lear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path which Jesus trod.
'ound in him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;

In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sov'reign guide.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befal you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, "let each believer
"Be baptised in my name;"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

195. *Day of Judgment.* Rev. 1, 7, 4, 14, 17, xxii. 8, 7, 4, Helmsley tune. Rip. selec.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand, saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought, and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appears.

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth inherit;
Take thy pining exiles home.
All creation
Travels, groans, and bids thee come!

Yea! amen! let all adore thee!
High on thy exalted throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thy own.
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

196. *The last judgment.*
C. M. S. Stennet.

1 "HE comes! he comes! to judge the wor
Aloud the archangel cries,
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,
And towards lift their eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

3 Amidst the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow;
His eyes a flaming fire;
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell:
Lo! in his hand the conq'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 So he ascends the judgment seat,
And at his dread command
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

Princes and subjects here expect
  Their last their righteous doom;
The men who dared his word reject,
  And they who dar'd presume.

Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!
  The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long kindling wrath within
  Flashes from both his eyes.

And in words divinely sweet,
  With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
  The sentence of his grace.

"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
  "The children of my love,
"Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
  "Prepar'd for you above."

197. *The last Trumpet.*

8, 8, 6. Tiebout's selec. Chatham.

WHAT sound is this salutes mine ear?
Methinks 'tis jub'lee's trump I hear!
  Long look'd for, now is come:
It shakes the heavens, earth, and sea;
Proclaims the year of jubilee;
  Return, ye exiles, home.

Behold! the new Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,

In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion, rising from the tomb,
To meet the bridegroom now is come,
And hails the jub'lee year.

5 King Jesus takes her to his arms;
Transported with his glorious charms,
She thus begins to sing:
"From sins, and cares, and sighs, and pa
"I rise where joy immortal reigns,
"To view the rosy spring."

4 The seventh trumpet we shall hear;
A great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round:
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Puts out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

5 Arise, ye nations, and come forth
From east and west, from south and north
Behold! the Judge is come!
What horrors fill the trembling breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
And hear the final doom!

6 Depart, ye cursed, down to hell!
With howling fiends forever dwell;
No more you'll see my face:
My precious gospel you've withstood;
You've set at nought my precious blood,
And scoff'd at sov'reign grace.

See parents and their children part;
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again.
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's happy plain.

My soul is longing to be there;
Fain would I rise and wing the air,
And trace the heavenly road:
Adieu! adieu! all earthly things;
Oh! that I had an angel's wings!
I'd quickly see my God.

198. *Day of Judgment.*
6l. 6, 6, 4s. Balt. collec.

HARK! hark! the trump of God
Sounds through the earth abroad
Time is no more!
Horrors invest the skies;
Graves burst, and myriads rise
Nature, in agonies,
Gives up her store.

Chang'd in a moment's space
Lo! the affrighted race
Shriek and despair;
Now they attempt to flee,
Dread immortality,
And eye their misery
Suddenly near.

3 Quick reels the burning earth,
Rack'd by a storm of wrath;
Hurl'd from her sphere!
Heart rending thunders roll;
Demons, tormented, howl;
Great God! support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

4 O, our Redeemer come,
And, through the fearful gloom,
Lighten the way.
Then would our souls arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Joyful solemnities
Of the great day.

5 [illegible] th' incarnate God
[illegible] abroad
[illegible] bright!
[illegible] comes! he's here
[illegible] saints appear;
[illegible] fear;
[illegible] mine.

[illegible] throne
[illegible] Son;
[illegible] August!
[illegible] presence flee,
[illegible] majesty;
[illegible] through the sky,
[illegible] quiet.

Thousands of thousands wait
Round the great judgment seat,
Glorified there:
Prostrate the angels fall;
Ving'd is my rapture'd soul;
High, to the Judge of all,
Lo! I draw near.

O! my approving God,
Wash'd in redeeming blood
Bold I advance;
Fearless I'll range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout the extatic song
Through the expanse.

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

6l. 8, 8 6s. Chatham tune.—Rip. selec.

WHEN thou my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What! if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In th' accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

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200. *Let all the world rejoice, the Lord is*
5l. 8, 7s. P. M.

1 REJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King!
Let all prepare to take him in;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars and discord cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 I long to see the christians join
In union sweet and peace divine,

hen every church with grace shall shine,
nd grow in Christ the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

may the desert lands rejoice,
d mourners hear the bridegroom's voice,
hile songs of praise their tongues employ,
d all obtain immortal joy,
And give to Jesus glory.

me, parents, children, bond and free,
me, will you go to heaven with me?
at glorious land of rest to see,
d shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory.

me, who will win the prize,
d take the kingdom in the skies,
here love and union never dies,
t always flows through Paradise?
And there we'll give him glory.

y soul grows happy while I sing;
eel that I am on the wing;
l shout salvation to my King,
'ill I to heaven my trophies bring,
And there we'll give him glory.

hose beauteous fields of living green
hrough faith, the telescope, are seen:
hough Jordan's billows roll between,
e soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And there we'll give him glory.

9 A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.

10 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall then be crown'd
And give to Jesus glory.

11 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
And rend the globe from pole to pole;
How dreadful to the guilty soul!
But nothing shall the saints control,
They'll give to Jesus glory.

12 Then we shall weep and part no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before,
For there they gave him glory.

13 There tears shall be wiped away
And christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumrous cl
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

14 On Zion's brilliant mount we'll stand,
And view that holy, heavenly land;

Vith palms of victory in their hand,
Ve'll shout with heaven's triumphant band
And give to Jesus glory.

'here all the saints shall join in one,
nd sing with Moses round the throne;
'here troubles are forever gone;
'hey'll shine with God's eternal Son,
And there they'll give him glory.

'he rose and lilly there shall stand,
holy bloom, at God's right hand;
, how I long for Canaan's land,
nd there to join the shouting band,
And give to Jesus glory.

Christians desire Christ to come and feed them. P. M.

JESUS, feed thy little flock,
And guard us by thy pow'r;
ite us on the solid rock,
In ev'ry trying hour.
s. We're all united in one band,
All in one band completely;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow more sweetly.

e trust in him to beat our foes,
Increase our little number.
ive off our grief and heavy woes,
And wake us from our slumber
We're all united, &c

3 O, Jesus, bring thy kingdom near,
And tune our cheerful voices;
O let thy glory now appear,
While every heart rejoices.
We're all united, &c.

4 We feel undaunted in thy love,
Nor fear the danger round us;
We'll march the road that leads above;
Our foes cannot confound us.
We're all united, &c.

5 We put our trust in Jesus' name,
And take his word to guide us;
He is our King, we all proclaim;
O, let not sin divide us.
We're all united, &c.

6 Stand firm, ye soldiers of the Lord,
There's nought on earth can harm us;
Our captain will his grace afford,
And death shall not alarm us.
We're all united, &c.

7 A few more days we'll reach the shore,
Where angels sweet are smiling;
There all our troubles will be o'er,
And there we'll cease from toiling.
We're all united in one band,
All in one band completely;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's land
Where the waters flow more sweet

The love of Christ to his Church. 7, 7, 7, 8s.

THE wonderous love of Jesus!
From sin and death he frees us;
And now with pity sees us,
While toiling here below:
Through tempests fiercely driven,
He guides us safe to heaven;
And consolations given,
Revive us as we go.

The storm which often rises,
And calm that ills disguises,
And all the mind surprises,
Are under his control;
Through tribulations many,
And tempests, all and any,
He will from all defend ye,
And save your trembling souls.

Companions in distresses,
Whom Satan sore oppresses,
And Jesus always blesses,
Look up, relief's at hand!
In every trying hour,
From every beating show'r,
He'll shield you by his pow'r,
And bring you safe to land.

See yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before ye,
Where you shall tell the story,

Of rich redeeming blood;
There, there you shall forever
Drink of that flowing river,
Which ever and forever
Flows from the throne of God.

5 All in that blooming garden
Of Eden, who by pardon
Have pass'd the swelling Jordan,
In love shall burn and flame;
They'll sing the song of Moses,
The theme which love composes,
A song that never closes,
Of praises to the Lamb.

203. *Parting Address.*

L. M. MS altered, and several verses added.

1 FAREWELL, my dearest friends, farewell!
Before we part I must you tell,
If during life my Lord you slight,
He'll plunge you in eternal night.

CHORUS.

Oh! turn sinners turn, may the Lord help you turn,
Oh! turn sinners turn, why will you die?

2 Could you a better friend embrace,
Or one who loves with equal grace;
His glory once he laid aside,
And wept, and groan'd, and bled, and died.

Enough to break a heart of stone ;
This, sinners, may you feel and own,
Nor longer court the wrath of God,
But cry for life, through Jesus' blood.

You slight the Saviour, now enthron'd,
Who once with piercing thorns was crown'd ;
But soon he'll rend the skies in twain,
And burn the mountains and the main.

World upon world in flames shall fall!
The whole creation hear his call ;
His friends in heaven shall be combin'd ;
His foes to hell shall be consign'd.

Methinks I hear th' awaken'd say,
O dreadful thought! O dreadful day!
Must old and young to judgment go!
Then what, great God! what shall we do!

Fly to the gospel's hiding place,—
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness ;
He now receives halt, blind, and lame ;
But soon he'll come, reveal'd in flame!

Then O! the dreadful fate of those
Who know not God, and truth oppose ;
He shall take vengeance on them all ;
In endless burnings they must fall.

Grey headed sinner, think on this ;
May Jesus fit your soul for bliss!

He can: though at the eleventh hour
You're not beyond his grace and pow'r.

10 Young men, amidst your youthful prime,
Jehovah claims your precious time;
And while you carelessly rebel,
Beneath you gapes a burning hell.

11 Young women, too, your case now hear;
You're bound to death: do you not fear
The gloomy grave, the judgment bar;
The sound "depart!" hell and despair!

12 O, could my pray'rs now reach the skies,
Avail my tears and sympathies,
I'd weep a deluge for this race:
Alas! in vain; 'tis all of grace.

13 Farewell! I must in duty be—
You're not disposed to go with me;
I leave you bound the downward road,
Resolv'd to bear the wrath of God.

14 The thought, how painful none can tell:—
May Jesus save you all from hell;
O, sovereign grace! thine arm display;
Prepare these souls for endless day.

15 Thy lawful captives, Lord, redeem,
And grace shall reign a sov'reign queen;
Then I'll rejoice with them above,
And sing thy free eternal love.

204. *The Dream.*

13s. MS. altered.

1 ONE night as I lay sleeping, and slumbering on my bed,
A vision there appeared a dream came in my head;
The awful day of judgment I thought was surely come;
The judge himself was there for to summon old and young.

2 I heard myself called forth, by the trumpet loud and shrill;
Arise ye sons of men, let your deeds be good or ill;
I trembled as I listen'd, with sorrow, grief, and woe;
But could not be exempted—to judgment I must go.

3 I had not long been there until Satan came, I thought;
He came as my accuser, and all my sins he brought;
He laid them down before the Judge, and claim'd me for his own:
I felt my crimes were great, and exclaim'd, I am undone!

4 The Judge then gravely said, I will quickly end the strife,
I'll see if the sinner's name is not in the book of life;

The book of life was brought, and the Jud
did it unfold,
The sinner's name was there, and in lette
wrote with gold.

5 The judge then sweetly said, O Satan, Sata
stay!
The sinner's name is here, and his sins
wash'd away:
Then Satan, trembling, roared, and in a dread
ful fright,
He said unto the Judge, those inditings are
right.

6 The Judge reply'd most sternly, O Satan
not lie,
Thou knowest very well that for sinners I di
die;
I died to save my chosen, their sins were la
on me—
In vain dost thou accuse them, they are secu
from thee.

205. *Miss Hattaway's experience.*

L. M. MS. altered.

1 YOUNG people all, I pray, draw near:
Attend a while and you shall hear
What God hath done for guilty me.
To save my soul from misery.

2 I, like the rest of human kind,
Was born in sin, both dead and blind;

And, as my days advanced, I grew
The more debas'd, and form'd for woe.

The sins I mostly did commit,
Were such as you're pursuing yet;
And though you call them civil mirth,
Their wages is eternal death.

I many times to church would go,
My person and fine clothes to show;
But of my soul I took no thought,
Though Jesus had it dearly bought.

Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I thought on my poor soul;
And O! I shudder when I think
How near I stood upon the brink.

At length I heard a baptist preach;
These words my guilty heart did reach;
"You must (he said) be born again,
"If ever heav'n you do obtain."

To keep the law then I was bent,
But found I fail'd in ev'ry point;
The law appear'd so pure and true,
Not one good duty could I do.

In silent watches of the night,
I'd go in secret where I might:
Upon my knees pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.

9 My uncle said, don't be so dull.
Come go with me to yonder hall;
I'll dress you up both gay and fine,
And make you heir of all that's mine.

10 Dear uncle, that will never do,
It only will augment my woe;
Can I expect in bliss to reign,
By adding sin to sin again.

11 Well, if you have resolv'd to turn,
And after silly babblers run;
None of my portion you shall have—
I will it to some others leave.

12 Then be it so; I'll seek the Lord,
Encouraged by his gracious word;
For he can all my wants supply;
In him I'll trust, to him I'll cry.

13 And in my great extremity,
When sad and helpless I did lie;
I thought I heard a small still voice,
Which made my mourning soul rejoice.

14 Then to my view did one appear,
All mangled with both whip and spear;
He said, rise up, and follow me,
I died to set sinners free.

15 At once my happy soul did rise,
On wings of faith toward the skies;

All earthly things I counted dross,
And glory'd in my Saviour's cross.

Now brought to see that I'm secur'd
From sin and hell, by Christ the Lord;
I'll follow him, though much despis'd;
At his command I'll be baptis'd.

I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
According to his sacred word:
I value no one's scoff nor frown,
I hope to wear a starry crown.

Come, you that know his works and ways,
Unite with me to sing his praise;
But I, of all the ransom'd race,
Owe highest praise for saving grace.

206. *A call to the unconverted.*
8l. 8, 6, 8, 6. Ms. altered.

DEAR people all attention give,
And hear what I now say:
I long that you with Christ may live,
In everlasting day.
Remember you are hast'ning on,
To death's dark gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

Death's iron gate you must pass through
Ere long, dear aged friends;

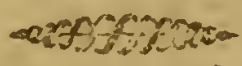
Where do you then expect to go?
Are you not in your sins?
Pray meditate:—'tis not too late
While in a gospel land:
Inviting mourners, at the gate
Doth Jesus ever stand.

3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race?
O! don't you fear the end?
Will you pursue the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell?
Will you rush on, bold foes to God,
With devils for to dwell?

4 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry!
Where none the least relief can bring,
To mitigate your pain;
Where you'll no more with Christians sing
Nor ever with them reign.

5 Ye mourners, old and young, now view
The fountain open'd wide;
The spring of life open for you,
Which flows from Jesus' side!
Believe, and drink in endless joy;
Press on, and reign above;

Where praise shall all the sav'd employ,
And all their souls be love.



207. *Christ the Ark of Safety.*

8l. 7s. Balt. Collec.

SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud,
Hanging o'er a sinful land;
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand.
Happy they that love his name!
They shall always find him near;
Though the earth were wrapt in flame,
They have no just cause to fear.

Hark! his voice in accents mild,
(O! how comforting and sweet!)
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat.
Come, and in my chambers hide,
To my saints of old well known;
There you safely may abide,
'Till the storm be overblown.

You have only to repose
On my wisdom, love, and care;
When wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare:
While they perish in the flood,
You that bear my holy mark,
Sprinkl'd with atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark.

4 Sinners, see the ark prepar'd,
Haste to enter while there's room;
Though the Lord his arm hath rais'd,
Mercy still retards your doom.
Seek (who knows) he may be found,
Soon the day of life will end;
Then, if not in Jesus found,
You must sink among the damn'd.

208. *The Gospel Slighted.*

11s. Balt. Collec.

1 MY friends and my neighbors that live in th
place,
Come listen awhile and I'll tell you your cas
You've slighted the gospel, despised Goo
word,
And scoff'd at the preachers 'twere sent
the Lord.

2 How many sermons you've heard in th
place,
To warn you of sinning, and teach you fr
grace?
But now may the preachers complain to t
Lord,
And mourn that the people rejected his wor

3 Some under the preaching have seemed
mourn,
And some in sharp sickness have promis'd
turn:

But when these are over they turn to their sin,
To drinking, and swearing, and dancing again.

O sinners! you're left in a dangerous case;
You laugh'd at God's people, and that to their face!
You make yourselves merry; but friends you don't know
God's vengeance pursues you wherever you go.

The wicked, we learn, shall be turn'd into hell;
And all that forget God with devils must dwell;
Then pray be entreated to wait on the Lord,
While Christ is proclaiming attend on his word.

And now, my dear friends, I bid you farewell;
The love I bear for you no mortal can tell;
I would above all things that God might prepare
You t' meet Christ in glory and reign with him there.

209. *To-Day.*

L. M. Tiebout's Collec.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?

Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

6 Make now your choice, and halt no mor
For now he's waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love,

5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.

6 Or must we leave you bound to hell,
Resolv'd with devils for to dwell?
Still we will weep, lament, and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.

7 Young women, now we look to you:
Are you resolv'd to perish too;
To rush in carnal pleasure on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

8 Then, dear young friends, a long farewel
We're bound to heaven, and you to hell
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day:

Once more I ask you in his name—
I know his love remains the same:
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood.
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,
'Till Jesus comes to call us home!

A few more days and we shall go
From all our cares and foes below;
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
And dwell with Christ eternally.

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210. *Mourners invited to Christ.*

10, 11. MS.

COME, mourners attend, and make no delay,
Good news from a friend I bring you to-day;
'Tis news of salvation, come now and receive,
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

I am that I am, hath sent me to you
Glad news to proclaim; doubt not, it is true;
To you, O distressed, afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased and cannot be borne.

But still if you cry, O what is his name?
This is his reply, I am that I am;
This name, tho' mysterious, will fully supply
Their wants, tho' so various, who unto him fly.

4 Exhaustless and full forever his store,
Then look no more dull, though even so poo
Though blind, lame and feeble, and helpl
you be,
He's able and willing your wants to supply

5 Then only believe and trust in his name:
He will not deceive, nor put you to shame
But fully supply you from his gracious stor
Nor ever deny you because you are poor.

211. *The convicted Sinner coming to Christ.*
10, 11. MS.

1 DEAR Jesus, here comes, and knocks at t
door,
A beggar for crumbs: distressed and poor,
Blind, lame, and forsaken; all rolled in bloo
At length overtaken, while running from Go

2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume,
But, Lord, to be fed with fragments, I come
Some crumbs from thy table. O let me obtai
For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.

3 I own I deserve no favor to see:
I hated thy cause, and wandered from thee,
'Till brought by thy spirit my folly to mourn
Now stripp'd of all merit to thee I do come.

4 Great God! my desert is nothing but death,
From thee to depart forever in wrath;

Yet, Lord, to the city of refuge I flee;
O, let thine eye pity a sinner like me!

For since thou hast said, thou wilt cast out none
Who flee to thine aid, as sinners undone;
I come, precious Jesus, condemned to die,
And on thy sweet promise would humbly rely.

Nor can I depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
Till feels my poor heart thy promise fulfill'd,
That I may forever a monument be
To praise thee, dear Saviour of sinners, like me.

2. *Come and welcome to Christ.* Isaiah iv. 1.
8, 7, 4. Altered by Toplady.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis his spirit's glittering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your maker lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven,
  Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
  Sinners here may sing the same.

3. *Longing for evidence of an interest in the Redeemer; or, venturing on the mercy of God in Christ.*

7s. Stoel tune. Rippon's selec.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me from my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

Thou [illegible] freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust;

With my earnest suit comply:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All, who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou can'st not lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son;
Jesus, to thine arms I fly:
Come and save me, or I die.

214. *The awakened Sinner.*

6l. 8, 8, 6 New selec. Chatham tune.

1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood! but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell;
For death and hell drew near:
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:

This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul;
A vast unwieldly load:
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or bear the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep desprir.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love!

To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angel's tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain
Innumber'd millions born again,
Shall sing thine endless praise.

215. *If I perish, I perish.*

7s New selec.

1 IF I perish, I will go
Trembling to the Saviour's feet,
Perhaps his favor he'll bestow;
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish, I will go,
He perhaps may pity me;
Unbelief still answers no,
He will not, a wretch like me.

3 If I perish, I will go;
Though I'm lost, I can but try;
If mercy he should never show,
Begging I will live and die.

If I perish, I must own
God is just to banish me;
But I'll venture near his throne,
For his pardons all are free.

5 If I perish, stay my fears;
Can I perish at his feet,
Who to pay my great arrears,
Died, and lives my advocate?

6 Dearest Saviour, let me live;
Stretch thy sceptre out to me;
All my sins, though great, forgive,
Speak the word and set me free.

Shall I perish, Satan? no:
There's a new and living way:
Fly then, tempting, subtle foe,
Jesus will not tell me nay.

216. *Desiring repentance.*

L. M. Broadus's collec.

OH! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn;
My sins which have thy body torn!
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony!

Oh! could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
Oh! that with Salem's daughters I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

I'd smite my breast, and weep, and mourn,
And never from the cross return;
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord! save a soul condemn'd to die!
O, let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

Father of mercies! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son!
And with my broken heart comply,
O, give me Jesus, or I die!

6 O Lord! deny me what thou wilt,
Only relieve my soul from guilt;
Good Lord! in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die!

7 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O, might I enter now I'm come!
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

217. *Salvation to our King.*

P. M. Balt. collec. altered.

1 COME, all ye mourning sinners now,
Lo! joyful news I tell;
The Lord hath sent salvation down,
For souls deserving hell:
The angels brought the tidings down,
To Shepherds in the field,
That God a Saviour had proclaim'd,
His Son he had reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honor to the Lord,
Salvation to our King;
Let all those wash'd in Jesus' blood
His glorious praises sing.

2 Come, all ye poor despised souls,
Unto his fold repair;
Where God his boundless love unfolds,
He says he'll meet you there.

His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise,
Let all that want a Saviour dear,
Their hearts and voices raise,
Sing glory, honor, &c.

A sacred joy now fills my soul,
It comes from heaven above,
Which makes me praise my God so bold,
And his dear children love:
I'll serve the blessed Lamb of God,
I love his ways so well:
Amazing thought! his blood was spilt
To save my soul from hell.
Sing glory, honor, &c.

When weeping Mary came to seek
Her Lord, with a perfume,
She found the napkin and the sheet
Together in the tomb:
The angels said, he is not here,
He's risen from the dead;
And streams of grace to sinners flow,
As free as did his blood.
Chorus. Sing glory, honor, to the Lord,
He's now upon his throne;
And bringing foreign sinners home,
He claims them for his own.

218. *The Beggar.* 6l. 6. 8s.
148th Newton.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door.
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

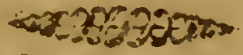
5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before:

Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou can'st bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send ten thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.



219. *A call to the Brethren.* P. M. 8l. 8, 7s.

1 MY brethren all, on you I call,
Arise, and look around you,
How many foes, bound to oppose,
Are waiting to confound you:

The trumpet calls, on Zion's walls,
Shake off your sleep and slumber;
Arise and pray, we'll win the day,
Though we are few in number.

2 As we draw nigh, objections fly,
Like peals of loudest thunder;
The voice of pray'r makes sinners stare,
They're fill'd with awe and wonder.
While music sweet makes some retreat,
Our Jesus still draws nigher;
His precious name lights up the flame
That sets our souls on fire.

3 While grace divine in others shine,
With such we are delighted,
With them we crowd and sing so loud,
Poor sinners are affrighted:
The swertest joy our powers employ,
To see the cause advancing:
Though some go off, and boldly scoff,
And say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended,
If we but smile they say we're wild,
And so go off offended.
If souls are born, we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story;
For Jesus name, we'll bear the shame,
And give him all the glory.

5 When some desert, it pains our heart
To think the cause is wounded;
But let them go, true Christians know
That they are not confounded:
They'll end their race, and find a place
With Satan, their old master;
Their race is run, let us press on,
We'll go to heaven the faster.

6 But as we fly, we'll always cry
To God for their salvation;
O God of love! send from above,
And save this wicked nation.
Thy spirit send, their hearts to rend,
Arrest them with thy thunder;
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues,
While fill'd with joy and wonder.

7 The outward blaze sometimes decays,
Some Christians seem contented;
The world is sure the work is o'er,
They'll be no more tormented:
Some are afraid the spirit's fled,
While others are offended;
But never fear, we'll persevere,
The warfare is not ended.

8 To men unknown the seed is sown,
We'll overcome temptation;
The cross we'll bear, let's not despair,
We'll joy in tribulation:

The noisy scene comes on again,
The shouting trump is sounded;
We'll find at length we're gaining strength,
Our foes will be confounded.

220. *The Preacher's farewell.* 13s.

1. SEE how the wicked's kingdom is falling every day,
And still our blessed Jesus is winning souls away;
But O, how I am tempted, no mortal tongue can tell,
So often I am surrounded with enemies from hell.

2. With weeping and with wailing my Jesus I have found,
To crucify old nature, and break its kingdom down;
Dear children don't you tire, but march on in the way,
For Jesus will stand by you, and be your guard and stay.

3. If sinners will serve Satan, and join with one accord,
Dear Brethren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve the Lord;
And if you will go with me, pray give to me your hand,
And we'll march on together unto the promised land.

4 Though dear to me, my brethren, each one of you do feel,
My duty to my Jesus compels me now to yield;
But while this parting grieves us, I humbly ask your pray'rs,
To bear me up in trouble, and ease me of my fears.

5 And you my loving brothers, I bid you all farewell;
With you, my loving sisters, I can no longer dwell;
Farewell to all that's mourning, I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your trouble, and give you peace of mind.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, I love you dearly well;
I've labor'd hard to bring you with Jesus Christ to dwell;
I now am bound to leave you, O tell me will you go:
But if you won't decide it, I bid you all adieu!

7 We'll bid farewell to sorrow, to sickness care and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus, forever there to reign;

We'll join to sing his praises, above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners, what will become of you?

221. *Scriptures fulfilling.*

P. M. 8s. 9, 8s.

1 SEE how the scriptures are fulfilling;
Poor sinners are returning home:
The times that prophets were foretelling,
With signs and wonders now are come.
The gospel trumpets are a roaring
From sea to sea, from land to land:
God's holy spirit is down pouring,
And christians joining heart and hand.

2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah;
For mercy, mercy, loud they cry;
They raise a shouting hallelujah!
All glory be to God on high.
But many cry 'tis all disorder,
And disbelieve God's holy word;
This makes them cry and shout the louder,
All glory, glory to the Lord!

3 O sinners, hear our invitation,
You are but feeble dying worms!
O fly to Jesus, for salvation,
Or you will meet God's awful storms;
We charge you all, in the name of Jesus,
The awful Judge of quick and dead;

But if you should refuse to hear us,
  Your blood shall be upon your head.
Now God is calling ev'ry nation,
  The bond and free, the rich and poor;
These are the days of visitation,
  Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er:
The Lord shall come, all cloth'd in thunder,
  And lightnings streaming from his eyes;
O then he'll cut his foes asunder,
  And lay them where the damned lies.

The sun affrighted from his centre,
  Envelop'd in a western cloud;
The stars to shine now dare not venture,
  Pale Phœbus' cloth'd in scarlet shroud,
The sea and land together burning,
  The flames ascend the melting sky!
All nature now to nought returning
  Hark! hark! the herald angels cry!

Rise Zion, rise in brilliant glory,
  And march towards the judgment seat;
Now hearken to the pleasant story:
  When Jesus and his bride shall meet:
With smiling looks of approbation,
  Invites her to his lovely arms.
And she is fill'd with transportation,
  Dissolv'd in his heav'nly charms.

There lovely spirits harmonizing
  In all the sweets of perfect love;

Meanwhile a gloomy cloud arising,
And seem'd toward the bar to move.
See millions of poor wretched creatures,
Compell'd by justice to appear;
Deep horror painted all their features,
And color'd them with black despair.

8 Hideous cries and lamentations,
But no relief can there be found;
The Judge pronounces condemnation,
And seven thunders echo round.
Down to the lake of burning fire,
And never more thy face to see;
You're bound to bear my dreadful ire,
And blow the flames eternally.

9 Now devils drag them down the centre,
Into the gulf of burning wo;
Poor wretches, how they dread to enter,
But forced by vengeance down they go:
Now they are paid for persecuting
And opposing the work of God;
For all the time they spent disputing,
And trampling on the Saviour's blood.

10 O Christians, double your diligence,
With courage march the heav'nly road;
Remember this, that double vengeance
Will fall on those that turn from God;
Your children all must be converted,
Or they can never rest with you;
God's word cannot be controverted;
God bless you all!—amen!—adieu!

222. *Christian consolation.* P. M.

WHY should I be affrighted at pestilence and war?
The fiercer the tempest, the sooner it is o'er;
With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain,
They only can escort me to yonder blissful plain,
With glory in my soul.

This world is full of dangers, and foes they press me hard,
But Jesus has promised that he will be my guard:
Here I shall not be tempted, above what I can bear,
When fighting's done, escorted, his kingdom for to share,
With glory in my soul.

From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his holy spirit illuminates my way;
The way is so delightful I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive in heaven t' receive a starry crown,
With glory in my soul.

Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my hope,—
I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top;

Then at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerful
to die,
And then ascend to heaven, and reign ab
the sky,
With glory in my soul.

5. Though sinners do despise me, and laugh
what I say,
I find a little number walks in the narrow wa
Come on, come on, my brethren, they laug
at Jesus too,
The crown appears before us, and heaven
our view,
And glory in our soul.

6 I must conclude my song, though it is again
my will,
I wish to have the power to sing while I
feel;
I long to see the time when immortal I shall b
To shout and praise my Saviour through
eternity,
With glory in my soul.

223. *A call to the people of Louisiana.* 41. 8, 7

1 COME, my friends and neighbors all,
Come listen and I'll tell you,
Concerning of the mighty call
That took place in Louisiana.

2 On Sunday night, you all may know,
As we were all a sleeping,

The Lord from heaven look'd down,
  And set the earth to shaking.
Some jumped up, ran out of doors,
  While others follow'd after;
And some they stood all in amaze,
  Crying, Lord, what is the matter?

As for myself, I must confess
  I could but stand and wonder,
Expecting ev'ry moment to hear
  Some louder claps of thunder.

The rest of the night was spent in grief,
  And wishing for the morning;
But little thought the people had
  That was the second warning.

As soon as daylight did appear,
  The elements were darken'd,
I walked about the yard,
  And saw the earth was cracking.

Immediately the shake came on,
  Which you will all remember;
The houses reeled to and fro,
  The earth it split asunder.

The people gather'd all about,
  In places there were many;
The Christians stood with lifted hands,
  Lord, spare the Lousiana.

More than six months have past and gone,
  And still the earth keeps shaking,

The Christians go with bow'd down head
While sinners hearts are aching.

10 The great event I cannot tell,
Nor what the Lord is doing:
But one thing I am well assur'd,
The scriptures are fulfilling.

11 I thought at last these are the times,
That in latter days should follow,
When judgments should pass thro' the lan
And bring on the days of sorrow.

12 But if you will go onward still,
And still rush on in sinning;
You need not hope for better times,
For they are now beginning.

13 The prophets did foretel of old,
That great events are coming;
The Lord Almighty's bringing on
The days of tribulation.

14 Prepare, before it is too late,
To meet the Lord from heaven;
King Jesus stands with open arms,
To save your souls from ruin.

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221. *A Philosopher's Experience.* L. M.

1 I WALK'D abroad one morning fair,
When odours sweetly balm'd the air;
And birds their artless notes did sing,
To welcome in the cheerful spring.

Surveying nature all around,
The scene with wonder did abound :
But while my ravish'd eyes were charm'd,
An inward voice my soul alarm'd.

"Could you all nature comprehend,
"You'd better learn to know your end ;
"These beauties which you now survey
"Will, like yourself, soon fade away.

"But death is not alone your doom,
"To judgment you must shortly come ;
"When hills and valleys all are fled,
"Where will you hide your guilty head?"

Black horrors seiz'd my frighted soul,
Billows of woe did o'er me roll ;
I fell and almost lost my breath,
I thought I soon should sink in death.

The little birds, from spray to spray,
Were hymning praises all the day,
In artless anthems to their God,
While I lay welt'ring in my blood.

Thus trembling o'er the gulf I lay,
But dar'd not move my lips to pray ;
I had provok'd the dreadful God,
And trampl'd on the Saviour's blood.

To my amazement and surprise,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,

And in the midst a fairer one
Than any of the sons of men.

9 His curled locks were snowy white,
His garments far exceeded light,
The sun grew pale before his face,
His feet were like to burnish'd brass.

10 He spake, and brightness shone around:
He said, "I have a ransom found;
"I bought your pardon on the tree.
"And come to set the prisoner free."

11 My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory in my soul did flow;
My sins were gone and I was free—
My Saviour liv'd and died for me.

12 I leap'd, and shouted out aloud,
And long'd for wings to reach the cloud,—
T' embrace my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.

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225. *The Spiritual Sailor.* P. M.

1 The people called Christians
Have many things to tell,
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell;
But here a dismal ocean,
Enclosing them around,
With its tides—still divides
Them from Canaan's happy ground.

2 Many have been impatient
To work their passage through,
And with united wisdom
Have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill
Have never sailed far,
Till we found—them aground,
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel
Hath launched the deep at last:
Behold the sails expanded
Around the towering mast:
Along the deck, in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho! here we go
"To Emanuel's happy land."

4 We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid the world farewel!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell:
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride—on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.*

5 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,

* Christ and the Holy Spirit.

To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!

The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite:
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order, peace and love:
The wind is in our favor,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep—through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

7 Then tempest and its billows
Will fright our souls no more!
Our sailing will be over,
We'll rest on Canaan's shore:
Then with our Captain and our Mate,
We shall forever dwell:
And praise them—with angels,
Forever around the throne.

END OF THE SONG.

PART II,

CONTAINING

THE HYMNS.

1. *Birth of Christ.* Luke ii, 11—14.
148th Needham. 6l. 6, 8s.

1 AWAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn;
Hark! how the angels sing,
"To you a Saviour's born:"
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And every tongue be tun'd to love.

2 He mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic pow'r:
Come, with the angels sing,
At this auspicious hour:
Let every heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.

3 The prophesies and types
Are all this day fulfill'd;
With eastern sages join,
To praise this wondrous child:
God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness

4 Glory to God on high,
For our Immanuel's birth!
To mortal men, good-will,
And peace and joy on earth!
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

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2. *Birth of Christ.* Luke ii, 14.
C. M. Medley.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrents ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

Hail! Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.]

3. *The Birth of Christ.* Heb. ii, 16.

S. M. Ryland.

1 YE saints proclaim abroad
The honours of your king;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

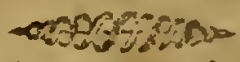
2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

[4 Less favor'd were the powers,
Who in his image stood;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
Nor cost the Lamb his blood.]

5 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

6 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than their's,
O be our praises more!



4. *A dying Saviour.* Mark xv, 29—38.
L. M. Steele.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Savior dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred, crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side!

2 But life attends the death-like sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place—
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by;
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the morning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,

And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
'Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

5. *Death of Christ.* Matt. xxvii, 54.
C. M. Stennett.

YONDER, amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltring in his blood.

Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry
"This is the Son of God!"

So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure must live.

6. *Christ's sufferings on the Cross.*
C. M. Newton.

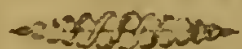
WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,

He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 O never 'till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave and said,
"I freely all forgive;
"This blood is for thy ransom paid;
"I die that thou may'st live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.



7. Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

C. M. Watts.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in:

When God the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

8. *Death of Christ.* 6l. 10, 7, 8, 7, 9s.

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase a pardon with blood.
Oh, he died, &c.

He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross!
Oh, he bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucify'd,
To atone for a world that was lost.
Oh, he bow'd, &c.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain!
Oh, the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,

When the Jews crucify'd the God-man,
Oh, the solid, &c.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land :
Oh, the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.
Oh, the sun, &c.

5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And enbalm'd in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.
He was taken, &c.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!
Father, and God of all peace!
Oh, he burst the bands of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
Oh, &c.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live :
Crying, Father, I have died,—
Oh, behold my hands and side,
And forgive them, I pray them forgive.
Crying, &c.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe :

Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.
Let them, &c.

9. *Christ's resurrection.* Matt. xxviii. 6.
L. M. Wallin.

WHEN I the lonely tomb survey,
Where once my Saviour diegn'd to lie,
I see fulfil'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge! that all who trust his name,
Shall rise and draw immortal breath!

3 Our surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd;
In his release our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen head, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 'Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave

My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave."

10. *Christ's resurrection.* Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

L. M. Hart.

1 UPRISING from the silent tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' Almighty Captive quits the pris'n,
And angels tell "the Lord is risen."

2 Ye mourning saints no longer grieve;
Hear the glad tidings and believe:
God's holy law is satisfy'd,
And justice now is on your side.

3 When ye in guilt's dark dungeon lay,
Mercy cry'd "spare," and justice, "slay;"
But Jesus answered, "Set them free,
"Forgive their guilt, and punish me."

4 Your surety now before your God
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood;
No new demand, no bar remains,
But mercy all triumphant reigns.

5 Believers, bless your risen head,
The first-begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure through his;
To endless life and boundless bliss.

11. *Christ's Resurrection.* Matt. xxviii, 6. 1 Cor. xv, 55, 56.

7s. Cudworth's col.

1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly. Hal.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save,
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live.

[6 'Hail, thou dear Almighty Lord,
'Hail, thou great incarnate word;
'Hail, thou suffering Son of God,
'Take the trophies of thy blood.'] Hal.

12. *Death of a Child.* 2 Sam. xii, 22, 23.

C. M. Knight.

1 Alas! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're call'd to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is righteous still.

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storm
Her favor'd soul he bore,
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast,
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

13. *Death uncertain.* Eccl. ix, 10.
C. M. Cruden—altered.

1 COME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run!
Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
My closing day brings on.

2 Some busy hand, perhaps this hour
Is weaving fast my shroud;
Soon hoary winter will draw on,
And freeze life's vital flood.]

3 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike
Before my funeral knell,
Which, by its doleful, sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.

4 'When the grim king of terrors calls,
May I triumphant stand,
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.

5 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heaven, and see his face,
And sing, with all the ransom'd throng,
The wonders of his grace.'

14. *Death of a young person.* Psalm ciii, 23.
C. M. Olding.

1 MY Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go:

With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To every thing below.

2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you;
Though nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say adieu!

3 Ye friends and kindred lov'd me much,
Ye hold me near your heart;
And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.

4 Ye brothers, sisters, me ye love,
And love I also feel;
I see your tender passions move
Your grief you can't conceal.

5 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home;
I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

[6 Farewell, thou world, with all thy toys
For thou hast been to me
A world of transitory joys,
Of sin and vanity.

7 Now I rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin and pain;

I know I'm wash'd in Jesus blood,
And shall a crown obtain.
I'm going to my heavenly friend,
My Jesus and my all:
He calls to take me to his arms—
I will obey the call.

15. *Death of a Minister.* Joshua i, 2—5.
C. M. Doddridge.

Now let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What, though the Prophet and the Priest
Be number'd with the dead!
Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust—
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd
And mute the instructive tongue.
Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
"Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;

"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death;
This promise is our trust:
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

16. *Support in Death.* Psalm xxiii, 4.
S. M. Doddridge.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away,
With agony and tears.

[4 But see a ray of light,
With splendor all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night
And makes its horrors shine.]

5 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;

His rod my trembling feet sustains—
His staff defends my way.

5 Dear Shepherd, lead me on,
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

17. *Employment of Saints in Heaven.*
Rev. xiv, 1—5.
L. M. Kent.

ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul;
And scenes of bliss for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

4 Here Mary and Manasseh view
Th[illegible]g thief and Abraham too;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

5 O sweet employ[illegible]ng and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;

And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity.

6 O what a sweet exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

7 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, and palm to bear,
And bow the chief of sinners there.

18. *My flesh is meat indeed.* John vi. 53—56.
C. M. Stennett—altered.

1 HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat;
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 'Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
O what delightful food;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.'

4 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon th' accursed tree,

For me, each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine!

19. *My flesh is meat indeed.* John vi. 55.
C. M. Cole—altered.

1 GREAT God, we now surround thy board,
To banquet and to feed;
Thy flesh and blood, dear dying Lord,
Is meat and drink indeed!

2 Thy sacred flesh and saving blood,
Do ev'ry type exceed:
And we can say this heavenly food
Is meat and drink indeed!

3 The Paschal supper serv'd to show
How Jacob's tribes were freed;
And in a figure pointed to
This meat and drink indeed.

4 The manna and the cheering stream,
For Israel's daily need,
Did in the wilderness proclaim
This meat and drink indeed!

5 This is the Lord's appointed feast,
Enjoin'd on all his seed;

His flesh and blood. O happy guest,
Is meat and drink indeed!

6 These sacred signs assist our sense;
But faith on Christ can feed;
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed!

20. *Minister's Address to new Members.*
S. M Fellows.

1 DEAR *friends*, as you have own'd
The Saviour for your Lord,
And to his people join'd *yourselves*,
According to his word;

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her al'ar ne'er forsake—
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
And all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your increasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Amongst her sons rejoice;
[A meek and quiet spirit is,
With God of highest price.]

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren in the way,

But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 Highly in love esteem
Your pastor in the Lord;
He breaks the bread of life to you,
And labors in the word.

21. *Why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptised.*
Acts 22, 16. C. M.

1 BELIEVING soul, why tarriest thou?
Arise, and be baptis'd;
Yield to the word—to Jesus bow;
Let pride be sacrificed.

2 Buried in baptism with our God,
We bid the world adieu;
Rising like him from Jordan's flood,
Begin our lives anew.

3 Ye gilded vanities depart,
With all your flatt'ring charms;
I clasp my Saviour to my heart;
He holds me in his arms.

4 O may thine arms, Almighty Lord,
Support me through the way;
And while I thus thy grace record,
Let sin be wash'd away.

22. *The love of Christ constraineth us.*
2 Cor. 5, 14.
C. M. Dr. Rippon's selec.

1 DEAR Lord, and has thy pard'ning love
Embrac'd a wretch so vile?
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,
And bless me with thy smile.

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptis'd?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

23. *The introduction of the Gospel dispensation.*
Mat. 1—6. Mark 1, 1—5.
L. M. T. B Cook.

1 "REPENT! repent!" the Baptist cries;
"God sends this message from the skies;
"Messiah's kingdom's now at hand,
"To bless mankind in ev'ry land."

2 Rous'd by the new the solemn sound,
The distant multitudes around,

From Judah's utmost bounds draw near,
The gospel's joyful voice to hear.

They hear—their sins before them rise;
Like mountains of stupendous size!
Repentance, faith, and joy are given,
Earnest and pledge of future heaven.

To testify their love to God,—
To Christ, the spirit, and his word,
In Jordan they are now baptis'd;
Their faith avow'd—the shame despis'd.

Thus would we own our sov'reign King,
His word obey his praises sing—
Descend with him into the flood,
Be bury'd—rise, with Christ our Lord.

24. *A Hymn sung at the baptism of several British soldiers in* 1829 L. M.

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave;
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

His voice we hear, his footsteps tread,
And hither come to see his face,
To do his will to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

Hosanna to the Lamb divine,
Let endless glories round him shine;

High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O! Lamb of God for sinners slain.

4 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O! Lamb of God for sinners slain.

5 We plunge beneath the mystic flood,
O! cleanse us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin and seek a grave,
With thee beneath the yielding wave.

6 And as we rise with thee to live,
O! let the holy spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

7 Come holy spirit, dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And touch our hearts in highest strains,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

25. *Washing the Saint's feet.* C. M.

1 DISROB'D of all his heav'nly dress,
The Saviour came to earth;
Cloth'd in a veil of mortal flesh,
And bow'd his head in death.

2 That awful night, in which betray'd,
He introduc'd the feast,

Which we, my friends, have seen display'd,
Where each has been a guest.

The solemn scene, about to close,
To make the whole complete,
He meekly from communion rose,
And wash'd his servants' feet.

"To each," he said, "let others do,
"As I, your Lord, have done:
"The heavenly pattern still pursue,
"In form as I have shown."

Since Christ has the example set,
And left it on record,
We'll humbly wash each other's feet,
Obedient to his word.

Jesus riseth from supper. John 13, 4, 12—15.
L. M.

JESUS, the Lord, who groan'd and died,
Arising from communion sweet,
Disrob'd, his garment laid aside,
And wash'd the dear disciples' feet.

"Know you," he said, "what I have done?
"Ye call me Lord, and Master too—
"I have you an example shown,
"And as I've done, ye ought to do."

See through this robe, that glorious dress,
Which Christ in love laid humbly by;

Cloth'd in a veil of mortal flesh,
For men to suffer, bleed and die.

4 His washing the disciples' feet
Proclaims his cleansing, healing power
His resuming all complete,
The great, the grand, triumphant hour.

5 With Christ, our pattern, thus in view,
While here we hold communion sweet,
As he commands we'll joyful do,
And meekly wash each other's feet.

27. *The command of Christ to wash one another's feet.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thou great exalted king,
Thy love, thy matchless love, I sing;
Descending from thy lofty seat,
I see thee wash thy servants' feet.

2 Here I behold at once display'd
The God in mortal flesh array'd;
And an example set for me;
Set, Christians, by the Lord, for thee!

3 Let us attend our sov'reign Lord,
And all his words and acts record;
"I have you an example set,
"That you should wash each other's fe

4 My Saviour, I obey thy voice,
And in thy word and ways rejoice;

'ould humbly wash thy followers' feet :—
, let me here thy presence meet!

28. *Christ described.* Cant. vi, 10.
C. M. Gibbons.

AY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn;
/hen with her living light she paints
The dew drops of the lawn.

air as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
nd o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orb'd glory rides;

lear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
nd scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendant wings:

'remendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
'ith banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

'his is the church by heaven array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
'hus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

29. *Church on earth and heaven but one.*
Eph. iii. 15.
C. M. Leeds collec.

[1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle's wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.]

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Zion's increase prayed for. Isaiah lxii. 6,7.
L. M. Kingsbury.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's pray'r;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesu's name.

May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's pray'r.

Seeking direction in the choice of a Pastor
L. M. Doddridge.

SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear—
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear:
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn:
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee!

32. *People's prayer for their Minister.*
L. M. Radford's col.

1 WITH heavenly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace:
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

33. *After the charge.* Heb. xiii. 17.
C. M. Doddridge.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures, or in wo.

May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

34. *Evening Hymn.*
C. M. Parkinson.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;

But show us, Lord, is ev'ry one
Thy real worshipper!

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee!
A stranger to the blood which bought
Poor sinners on the tree?

4 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

5 For faith may be incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
He must be born again, or die
To all eternity!

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55. *Jesus ever the same.*
C. M. Parkinson.

1 O LORD, how lovely is thy name,
How faithful is thy heart!
To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind thou art.

2 No change of mind our Jesus knows,
A true and constant friend!
Where once the Lord his love bestows,
He loves unto the end.

3 Dear Saviour, let my spirit rest
Beneath thy smile benign!
Thy daily care to make me blest,
To love and praise thee mine.

36. *Evening Hymn.*

S. M. Parkinson.

1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
'Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unclouded sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O! may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love!

37. *An Evening Psalm.*

C. M. Watts.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peac
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

38. *An Evening Hymn.* C. M.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;

Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

39. *Morning Hymn.*

C. M. Rippon's selec.

TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

This day thy favoring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!

If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without guilt be gay!

Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past!
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

40. *Morning Hymn.*

C. M. D. Turner.

1 WITH thee, great God the stores of light
And stores of darkness lie:
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3 Numbers this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

41. *Morning Hymn.*

S. M. Parkinson.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

Thus would my rising soul
  Its heavenly parent sing,
And to its great original
  The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down
  Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke, and found
  My kind preserver near!

Thus does thine arm support
  This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
  All worthless as I am?

O! how shall I repay
  The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
  The pleasing painful load.

Dear Saviour, to thy cross
  I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
  With fragrance to the skies.

My life I would anew
  Devote, O Lord, to thee,
And in thy service I would spend
  A bless'd eternity.

42. *Prayer to God the Spirit.* Ex. xvii. 6.
L. M. Newton.

O THOU, at whose almighty word,
  The glorious light from darkness sprung!

Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue

2 'Tis thine to teach him how to speak,
'Tis thine to give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.

3 'Tis also thine, almighty Lord,
To cheer the poor despending heart:
O speak the soul-reviving word,
And bid the mourner's fears depart.

4 Thus while we in the means are found,
We still on thee alone depend,
To make the gospel's joyful sound,
Effectual to the promis'd end.

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43. *Prayer for the Spirit's influence.*
C. M. Hoskins.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,

To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

[6 This house with grace and glory fill;
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal;
Thy glorious righteousness.]

44. *Felix trembling.* Acts xxiv. 24, 25.
C. M. Gibbons.

1 SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and pow'r,
See his resplendant bride,
Attend to hear a pris'ner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describ'd who Jesus was,
His glories and his love;
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

[3 On righteousness and temperance
The preacher reasoned well;
And full conviction sov'reign force,
Sunk terror in his soul.

4 To strengthen the great truths he spoke,
He set the world to come
Full in their view, and boldly told
The sinner's dreadful doom.]

5 Felix sprang up, and trembling cry'd,
"Go for this time away;
"I'll hear thee on these points again
"On some convenient day."

6 Attention to the words of life,
Though Felix thus adjourn:
Lord, let me make these solemn truths
My first and last concern.

45. *After Sermon.* Matt. xiii. 3—23.
C. M. Needham.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care,
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;
Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

46. *Wedding Hymn.* L. M.

LORD, now it makes my heart rejoice,
To hear one make Rebecca's choice;
And say, I with the man will go,
No other lover I will know.

No other husband will I wed,
He is my love, my king, my head;
He's rich and lovely too beside,
And I'm resolv'd to be his bride.

But stop, our worldly brethren say,
And stay with us another day;
And then we'll yield and let you go;
We also too will go with you

No, now's the time, I'll not delay,
Nor tarry here another day,
Lest he should seek another bride,
And when I come shall be deny'd.

Lord, speed me on my journey now,
While at thy feet I humbly bow;
I long to be in his embrace,
And see the beauties of his face.

---

47. *Wedding Hymn.* C. M.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;

Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts and grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope,
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca, give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

---

48. *Marriage.*

L. M. Proud.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire;

From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of marriage love.

O may they both increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

So may they live as truly one;
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

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49. *The Penitent.* C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death?

3 O! Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O! let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5. Surely thou canst not let me die,
O! speak and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice
Could they but see thy face:
O! let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

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50. *The Penitent pleading for pardon.* Psalm l
L. M. Watts.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

---

51. *Repentance at the Cross.* C. M.

OH, if my soul were form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hang on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While, with a melting broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

---

52. *The weary and heavy laden.* Matt. xi. 28. L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could, at last, submit

At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 When shall my eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary with struggling, Lord, I am,
And yet I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine, indeed, thou art,
Give me the meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 O come, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away.

---

53. *Prayer for Missionaries* C. M.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
Thy spacious earth around,
Till every land and every tribe
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 O, when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long-enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see His grace?

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise!

54. *Prayer for the success of Missions.*
C. M. Gibbons.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power,
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root,
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

6 AMEN—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
AMEN—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

55. *Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.*

Psalm xliii. 3. L. M.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessing he conveys;
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control;

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Anti-christs, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from their thrones, to rise no more.

4 [Then shall thy lofty praise resound,
On Afric's shores, thro' India's ground;
And islands of the southern sea,
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.]

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

56. *For peace and spread of the Gospel.*
L. M. Psalm xlvi. 9.

1 GREAT God! whom heaven, and earth and sea,
With all their countless hosts obey;
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command!

2 Beneath thy long suspended ire,
Let every anti-christ expire;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
And every nation bow to thee.

3 Lord, show thyself the Prince of peace;
Make every hostile effort cease;
All with thy sacred love inspire,
And burn the chariots in the fire.

4 In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's livery wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The utmost rest of Christian love.

5 The world shall then no discord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go;
Jesus, the peaceful King, adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

57. *The Lord's Day.*

S. M. Watts.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

58. *God's blessing invoked on Sabbath exercises.*
C. M.

1 ON this sweet morn the Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He died to vanquish all my foes;
Again he lives to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

3 No heavenly fire my heart can raise
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle prayer and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all thy flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing heavenly show'r,
Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice:
Give savour to the furnish'd food,
And bid the folds rejoice.

59. *The Lord's Day.* Psalm lxiii. 1—5.
C. M. Watts.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;

My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
But, God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

60. *Hymn for the fourth of July.*
C. M. J. B. Cook.

1 HAIL, joyful morn, which ushered in
Columbia's natal day!

All hail, the God who gave her birth!
To him we'll homage pay.

2 Down from his throne, where justice reigns,
He look'd on man below,
And bid Columbia burst the chains
Of tyranny and wo.

3 And now, behold! a patriot band
With one consent agree,
That from oppression's iron hand
Their country shall be free.

4 Their independence thus declar'd—
High heaven approving smil'd—
No longer shall the foe be fear'd,
For all his arts are foil'd.

5 Great Washington appears in view,
Rais'd by Jehovah's hand,
To lead our troops the conflict through,
By his supreme command.

6 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
And peace her olive spread;
Let freedom's sons loud swell the song,
Nor bondage longer dread.

7 All hail! ye sons of freedom, hail!
Your God approves your cause;

O'er all your foes you must prevail,
While you respect his laws.

8 Up, unto Him in songs of praise—
Be this our sweet employ—
Let all our hearts and voices raise
The song of grateful joy.

9 Long may our sons be blest of Thee,
Thou glorious Prince of Peace!
Be wise, and just, devout and free,
Till time and nature cease.

61. *The fourth of July celebrated.*
L. M. Roberts.

1 WITH joy we hail th' auspicious morn
On which our liberties were born;
We celebrate the glorious day
Which dawn'd with freedom's lovely ray.

2 No land beneath the golden sun
Has heaven e'er favor'd as our own;
The gift of nature, laws, and grace,
Without restraint, we here embrace.

3 Deliver'd from oppression's rod,
We bow to no despotic nod;
But blest with all our native rights,
We feast on freedom's pure delights.

4 Let gratitude with incense sweet,
The spirits of those heroes greet,

Who fought, and bled, and died to gain
Our freedom from a tyrant's chain.

5 Spirits in glory! from the skies
Vouchsafe to bend your radiant eyes
On us, your sons, convene'd this day,
Our independence to display.

6 Still smile upon us, gracious Lord,
Make us obedient to thy word;
Still guard us with thy mighty power,
In life, and in the dying hour.

7 And when we leave the scenes of time,
Exalted to a heavenly clime;
There may our eyes forever see
Columbia blest with liberty!

62. *Public Fast.* C. M. Steele.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How chang'd alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!

What impious numbers, hold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God is near.

63. *A welcome to Christian Friends—At meeting.*

L. M. Newton.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now,

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet, to part no more.

64. *At Parting.* 7s.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

THE END OF THE HYMNS.

THE

FORM OF MATRIMONY.

THE persons to be married come before the Minister, the man on the right hand, and the woman on the left hand; the Minister then shall say,

DEARLY BELOVED,—We are gathered together in the sight of God, and before these witnesses, to join this man and this woman in holy Matrimony; which is a honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, & the first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee, and is commended of St Paul to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly and in the fear of God.

Into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore, if any can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

If no impediment be alleged, then shall the Minister say to the Man:

M. Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer: I will.

Then shall the Minister say unto the woman:

N. Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, serve him, love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only him, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer: I will.

Then shall the Minister say: Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: for as much as M. and N. have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have pledged their faith either to the other, and have declared the same by joining of hands, I pronounce that they are man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then shall the Minister say: Let us pray,

O, eternal God, creator and preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made, and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE END OF MATRIMONY.

A TABLE

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

Birth of Christ.

Awake, awake, arise
Mortals, awake, with angels join
Ye saints, proclaim abroad

Death of Christ.

Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour dies
Yonder, amazing sight! I see
When Jesus hung upon the tree
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed
Saw ye my Saviour

Christ's Resurrection.

When I the lonely tomb survey
Uprising from the silent tomb
Hark! the herald angels say

Death of the body.

Alas! how chang'd that lovely flower
Come, O my soul, look up and see
My Father calls me to his arms
Now let our drooping hearts revive
Behold the gloomy vale
On Zion's glorious summit stood

Sacrament.

Here at thy table, Lord, we meet
Great God, we now surround thy board
Dear friends as you have own'd

Baptism.

Believing soul, why tarriest thou
Dear Lord, and has thy pleading love

Repent! repent! the baptist cries 23
Our Saviour bow'd beneath the wave 24

Washing the Saints' Feet.

Disrob'd of all his heavenly dress 25
Jesus, the Lord, who groan'd and died 26
Jesus, thou great exalted King 27

Constitution of Churches.

Say, who is she that looks abroad 28
Come, let us join our friends above 29
Great Lord of all thy churches hear 30

Ordination of Ministers.

Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear 31
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend 32
Let Zion's watchmen all awake 33

Evening Hymns.

Thou Son of God whose flaming eyes 34
O Lord how lovely is thy name 35
The day is past and gone 36
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray 37
Now from the altar of our hearts 38

Morning Hymns.

To thee, let my first offerings rise 39
With thee, great God, the stores of light 40
See how the mounting sun 41

Before and after Sermon.

O thou, at whose almighty word 42
In thy great name O Lord, we come 43
See Felix cloth'd with pomp and pow'r 44
Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown 45

Wedding Hymns.

Lord, how it makes my heart rejoice 46
Since Jesus freely did appear 47
With cheerful voices rise and sing 48

Penitence.

Father I stretch my hands to thee 49
Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive 50

Oh, if my soul were form'd for woe 5
O that my load of sin were gone 5

Spread of the Gospel.

Great God, the nations of the earth 5
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly 5
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze 5
Great God! whom heaven, and earth and sea 5

The Lord's Day.

Welcome sweet day of rest 5
On this sweet morn the Lord arose 5
Early, my God, without delay 5

Blessings.

Hail, joyful morn, which ushered in 6
With joy we hail th' auspicious morn 6

Prayer and Fasting.

See, gracious God, before thy throne 6

Meeting and Parting of Friends.

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake 6
For a season call'd to part 6
THE FORM OF MATRIMONY. 6